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Pleasure to the painfull Heart,

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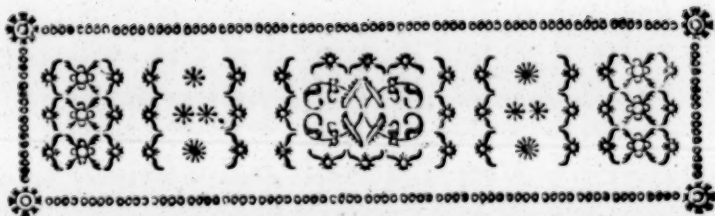
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J E S T S.

IN the Reign of King *Charles* the Second lived the accomplish'd Earl of *Rocheſter*, famous for his Frolics, Wit and Humour. Among many others, the following Story is told of his Lordſhip: That as he was walking one Day in the *Park* with ſome of his gay Companions, he ſaw the grave Doctor *Barrow* (the greateſt Mathematician of his Age) muſing along the *Mall*, in his uſual contemplative Manner, and immediately propos'd, for Di-verſion, to rouse him from his Reverie. His Companions were ready enough to attend him; and upon meeting the Doctor, his Lordſhip, making a very low Bow, with great Vi-vacity ſaid, *Doctor, a good Morning to you—I am exceedingly glad to ſee you—I am yours to the very Centre of Gravity.* The Doctor, who was not eaſily to be ſurprized, perceiving

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his Drift, with all the Composure in the World, return'd the lowly Bow, and said, *My Lord, I am yours to the Antipodes.* This put his Lordship to a short Pause; but as Wit is seldom at a Loss—*Doctor*, said he, *I am yours to the lowest Pit of Hell*——*There then*, reply'd the Doctor, *I must leave your Lordship*;—and so pursued his Walk.

His Lordship one Day happening to wait upon the King, when there was in Presence the Duke of *York*, the Duke of *Monmouth*, the Duke of *Lauderdale*, and Dr. *Frazer*, who, though the greatest Dunce in the whole College, had yet the Honour to be one of the King's Physicians. His Majesty being then in a merry Humour, upon the Earl's coming in, says to him, *Rochester*, I am told you are very good at making Verses *extempore*; is it true? The *Earl* reply'd, an't please your Majesty, I have made Verses *extempore* many Times. Prithee, let us have some of them now, said the King. On what Subject would your Majesty have them, said the *Earl*? At which the King, looking about him, answer'd, on us that are here. I beg your Majesty's Pardon, reply'd *Rochester*, I dare not do it. Dare not do it, said the King! Why so? For fear I should offend your Majesty, reply'd *Rochester*. No, no, you shan't offend me, said the King, say what you will; and therefore I command you to do it. Nay, if your Majesty com-

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mands me, says *Rochester*, you must be oblig'd,
and thereupon he began thus :

*Here's Monmouth the Witty,
And Lauderdale the Pretty,
And Frazer that learned Physician ;
And, above all the rest,
Here's the Duke for a Jest,
And the King for a great Politician.*

O my Conscience, says the King, he has satyriz'd upon us all: No Wonder, indeed, that you begg'd my Pardon before-hand ; for you were resolv'd to stand in Need of it.

At another Time, the King and some of his Lords were at *Crambo*, and the Word they were to rhyme to was *Lisbon* : They were all at a Stand, and none could do't. At last, says the King, we want my Lord *Rochester* now. Says one of the Lords, I saw him but a little while ago walk into my Lord Chamberlain's ; upon which, one of the Gentlemen of the Privy-Chamber, then in waiting, was sent to tell his Lordship, the King would speak with him ; and the Gentleman finding the Earl there, brought him along with him. When he came into the Presence, says the King, *Rochester*, we have been at *Crambo*, and none of us can make a Rhime to *Lisbon*. No, said the Earl, that's strange ! Why, can you do't, says the King ? Yes, Sir, says the Earl, in a *Stanza*, if your Majesty

will grant me your Pardon. You're thinking of some Mischief now, says the King; and then smiling upon my Lord *Rochester*, Well, says he, I grant you my Pardon; upon which *Rochester*, taking a Glass of Wine in his Hand, said,

*Here's a Health to Kate,
Our Sovereign's Mate,
Of the Royal House of Lisbon;
But the Devil take Hide,
And the Bishop beside,
That made her Bone his Bone.*

At which the King biting his Lips, and frowning, bid him be gone.

Some Time afterwards, Lord *Rochester* happening to be at Court, with the Duke of *Monmouth* (one of King *Charles's* natural Sons) and others of the Nobility: Their Lordships admired a little black Spaniel, belonging to one of the Maids of Honour, and especially the Duke, who told *Rochester*, it was one of the prettiest he had ever beheld—Yes, reply'd his Lordship, 'tis indeed a very pretty Dog (stroking it) and one of King *Charles's* own Breed.

Villers, the witty and extravagant Duke of *Buckingham*, was saying one Day to Lord *Rochester*, in a melancholy Humour——I am afraid, my Lord, I shall die a Beggar at last, which

which is the most terrible Thing in the World. Upon my Word, reply'd his Lordship, there is another Thing, more terrible, which we have both Reason to apprehend; and that is, *That your Grace, as well as myself, shall live Beggars, unless we retrench our Expences.*

His Lordship, not less remarkable for his Wit than for his Gallantry, in attempting to kiss the Duchess of *Cleveland*, as she was stepping out of her Chariot, had the Misfortune to fall; but rising again immediately, repeated these Lines:

*By Jove, 'tu as bravely done;
First to attempt the Chariot of the Sun,
And then to fall like Phaeton.*

}

Another Time, his Lordship being obliged to take Shelter in a Country Church, where, as is but too common, was a wretched Clerk: After Service was over, his Lordship thus addressed himself to the poor Psalm-singer:

*Sternhold and Hopkins had great Qualms,
When they translated David's Psalms,
To make the Heart full glad;
But had it been poor David's Fate
To hear thee sing, and them translate,
By G—d, 't had made him mad.*

King *Charles* coming from *Newmarket*, thro' *Shoreditch*, to *London*, observ'd a Wall or Bank
B. 3. lately

lately made there of *Horns*, as was common in that Road, and bid *Rocheſter*, who was in the Coach with him, take Notice of it: *Ay, Sir*, ſaid he, *the Citizens ſeem to have been laying their Heads together to mend the Way againſt your Ma- jeſty came by.*

What his Lordſhip has ſaid of his Friend, *Sir Charles Sedley*, cannot be applied with greater Propriety than to himſelf, *viz.* that he

—has that prevailing, gentle Art,
 That can, with a reſiſtleſs Charm, impart
 The looſeſt Wiſhes to the chaſteſt Heart:
 Raiſe ſuch a Conflict, kindle ſuch a Fire,
 Between declining Virtue and Deſire,
 That the poor vanquiſh'd Maid diſſolves away
 In Dreams all Night, in Sighs and Tears all
 Day.

Such was his Lordſhip's Addreſs and Skill in Intrigues, that he engag'd the fine Miſs *Roberts* to leave the King, for the Poſſeſſion of his Perſon and Heart, as ſhe fooliſhly imagined: But he was ſoon cloy'd with any one Woman, though the faireſt in the World, and forſook her. The Lady, after the firſt Emotion of her Paſſion was over, grew as indifferent to him, and conſidered how to retrieve the King's Affection. One Morning, as ſhe was dreſſing her Head at the Window, ſhe ſaw the King coming by; down Stairs ſhe ran, with her Hair about her Ears, threw herſelf at his
 Maſteſty's

Majesty's Feet, implor'd his Pardon, and vow'd Constancy for the future. The good King, vanquish'd with the Sight, took her up; and protesting *no Man could see, and not love her*, waited on her up Stairs to her Lodging, and there compleated the Reconciliation.

The late Prince of *W——s*, having a Mind to divert himself incog, went to see a Bull-baiting near *Hockley-in-the-Hole*. The Bull (being true Game) gave great Sport, and foil'd every Dog that attack'd him. At last, old *Towzer*, whose Owner (a Butcher of *Clare-Market*) stood close to the Prince, fairly pinn'd the Bull; at which the Butcher, in the Joy of his Heart, gave his Royal Highness a swinging Clap on the Back, saying, at the same Time, *D—mn your Blood, Mr. Prince, my Dog has pinn'd the Bull, for all you.*

A *Kentish* Nobleman, being in Company with some *Scotch* Officers, express'd himself happy in having a Multitude of *Nightingales* about his Country-Seat. *Nightingales?* says a bonny *Scot*, *we have aboondaunce of them near Edin-burg*. Sir, replies my Lord, I thought those Birds had never reach'd so far North; pray, what kind of a Thing is a *Nightingale*? My Lord, rejoins the *Scot*, *it is aboot as bag as a Pudgeon, and has a Head like a Cat, and cries, Whoo, whoo, whoo.*

A Braggadocia, in Company with Mr. Charles *B——*, bragg'd that he had demolish'd five hundred

dred Men with his own Hand. Sir, says Charles; *I have kill'd in my Time, let me see—Five at Madrid; ten at Lisbon; twenty at Paris; thirty at Vienna; and double the Number at the Hague. But at length coming over from Calais to Dover, I had scarce disembarked, before a desperate Son of a Bitch of an Irishman killed me. Killed you?* says the Officer: *Damn you, what do you mean by that?* Sir, replies Charles, *I did not dispute your Veracity, and why should you question mine?*

An Alderman of a certain Body corporate, not remarkable for the greatest Extent of Knowledge, being present at a public Entertainment, where the *Mediterranean* happen'd to be the chief Topic of Conversation, address'd himself very gravely to the Company: *Pray, Gentlemen, is the Mediterranean a Corporation Town, like ours?*

An *Irishman*, applying for Admittance at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, told the Physician who examined him, that he had *Water* in his Head. *I suppose,* said the Doctor, *you have a Swimming there.* *Why, ay, my dear Honey,* replies Teague, *and so I have; but how could that be, if there was not a Water there?*

Mr. *Wycherley*, the comic Poet, at the Point of Death, married a young Lady of Merit, to be reveng'd on his next Heir; and when the Ceremony was performed, he earnestly begged her not to deny him one Request, the last he should make. Upon her Assurance of consenting to it, he told her: *My Dear, it is only this; that you will never marry an old Man again.*

A certain

A certain Bishop, being at Court, and observing a Lady, who was very corpulent, talking to the Princess Dowager, and at the other End of the Room a very genteel Youth, both of whom were utter Strangers to him, he address'd himself to the young Gentleman, and with an insinuating Air, after some Compliments, asked him, if he knew who that *fat Sow* was, who was in Discourse with her Highness? *Yes, my Lord,* reply'd the Youth with great Modesty; *that fat Sow is the Ambassadress of Sweden, and Mother to the little Pig, who has the Honour to speak to your Lordship.*

When Admiral *Bembow* was a common Sailor, his Mess-Mate lost his Leg by a Cannon-Shot: The poor Fellow called out to his Friend, and begg'd he might be carried down to the Surgeon; for that he had lost his Leg. *Bembow* immediately took him up on his Shoulders, and began with great Care to descend with him into the Hold; but it happen'd, just as the poor Fellow's Head came upon a Level with the Deck, another Ball took off that too. *Bembow*, however, who knew nothing of the Matter, continued to descend to the Surgeon; and when he was almost at Bottom, called out that he had brought him a Patient, and desir'd that he would bear a Hand, that they might set him down easily. The Surgeon turned about; but instead of giving *Bembow* any Assistance, *Damn you,* says he, *what do you here with a Man that has lost his Head? Lost his Head!* says *Bembow*;

bozo; a lying Son of a Bitch, he told me it was his Leg; but I never believ'd what he said in my Life, without being sorry for it afterwards.

The late Dr. *B-r-y* was one Evening very smart upon Mr. *H—ll*, who had been in great Distress: *H—ll* took no Notice of him at first, but suffer'd him to run on 'till he chang'd the Subject. Among other Things, the Doctor mentioned his having been out of Town for a Week: Aye, says Mr. *H—ll*, that was publish'd in all the *Saturday's* Papers. In what Form, says the Doctor? Why, *Decreas'd in the Burials this Week one hundred and forty-four.*

In the Reign of his late Majesty, the Play of *Harry the Eighth*, which is a sort of dramatic Chronicle of an old *English* Court, was ordered to be acted at *Hampton-Court*, under the Direction of Sir *Richard Steele*. When it was over, the Earl of *Sunderland* meeting Sir *Richard* in the Colonnade, asked him gravely, how the King lik'd it? he reply'd, with his wonted Humour, *So terribly well, my Lord, that I was afraid I should have lost all my Actors! for I was not sure the King would not keep them to fill the Posts at Court, he saw them so fit for in the Play.*

The celebrated Miss *C——h*, complaining of the Ill-Nature of the Town, said to Lord *C——d*, that Occasion had been taken, from a late Illness of her's, to spread a Report, that she

she had been brought to Bed of two Children. His Lordship advis'd her to be easy under such Circumstances ; adding, that, for his Part, he had long made it a Rule not to believe more than *Half* what the Town said.

When the Earl of *Stair* was last Ambassador in *Holland*, he was invited to an Entertainment by the *Abbe de Ville*, the *French* Resident, along with the *Austrian* Ambassador : The *Abbe* proposed a Health, to the *Rising Sun*, his Master ; alluding to a Motto of *Lewis XIV.* which was pledged by the whole Company. The *Austrian* next, in Compliment to his Mistress, the *Empress Queen*, toasted *the Moon and fixed Stars* ; which was greatly applauded. It then came to the Earl's Turn, and his Lordship, with great Presence of Mind, drank his Master, by the Name of *Joshua the Son of Nun, who made the Sun and the Moon to stand still.*

Sir Richard Steele, when he was sitting up his great Room for public Orations, happened to be pretty much behind-hand in his Payments to his Workmen ; coming one Day, he ordered one of them to get into the Rostrum, and make a Speech, that he might observe how it could be heard. The Fellow mounting, and scratching his Head, said : *Why here, Sir Richard, we have been working for you these six Months, and cannot get one Penny of Money. Pray, Sir, when do you design to pay us ? Very well, very well,* said *Sir Richard, pray come down ; I have heard*
enough ;

enough ; I cannot but own you speak very distinctly, tho' I don't much admire the Subject.

It is reported of Sir *Richard*, that when he put up for the Borough of *Wendover* in *Bucks*, he made an Entertainment, and invited every married Elector, with his Wife, to be present at it. He soon made them very merry, and in the Height of their Jollity, address'd himself to the Ladies, telling them : *Ladies, I hope there is none here but wishes herself the Mother of a Man-Child ; as an Encouragement to use your best Endeavours, I promise each of you twenty Guineas for every Male you shall bring into the World within these ten Months ; and forty, provided you bring Twins.* This produced what he hoped it would, much Love and Laughter ; it gained upon the Affections of the Wives, and the Wives got the Voices of their Husbands ; so that Sir *Richard* gained his Election, against a powerful Opposition, by a great Majority.

Sir *Richard* tells a Story of a young Spark in the Country, who, upon reading over the *Whole Duty of Man*, wrote the Names of several Persons in the Village at the Side of every *Sin*, mentioned by that excellent Author ; so that he converted one of the best Books in the World into a Libel against the *'Squire, Churchwardens, Overseers of the Poor*, and all other the most considerable Persons in the Parish.

A Gen-

A Gentleman, who had long danced Attendance after the Ministry in hopes of Preferment, being one Day, as usual, at the D— of N——le's Levee, and happening to cast his Eyes up to the Cieling, observ'd to his Fellow Solicitors how properly that Room was decorated. The Gentlemen present said, they could see no great Ornament about it. *I did not say there was*, said he; *but I admire the Propriety of what there is: for both Top and Bottom is full of Fretwork.*

Lord C——d chanc'd one Day to be at the same Levee, when *Garnet upon Job*, a Book dedicated to the D— of N——le, happen'd to lie in the Window. Before his Grace made his Appearance, his Lordship had Time enough to amuse himself with the Book; and when the Duke enter'd, he found him reading in it. *Well, my Lord*, said his Grace, *what is your Opinion of that Book? In any other Place, I should not think much of it*, reply'd his Lordship; *but being in your Grace's Levee, I think it one of the best Books in the World.*

The late Prince of W—s went with several of the young Nobility to view the Curiosities of the Tower; among the rest, the old Warder pointed to a Breast-Plate, the lower Edge of which had been carried away by a slant Shot of a Cannon-Ball, and with it, as the Warder said, *Part of the Bowels, and the Rim of the Man's Belly that wore it; notwithstanding which,*
C
being

being put under the Care of a skilful Surgeon, the Man recover'd, and liv'd ten Years afterwards. The Company smil'd at the Gravity with which the Warder repeated his Tale; and the Prince, with a gracious Condescension, said: *I remember, Father, to have read somewhere in a Book, a Story like yours, of a Soldier, who had his Head cleft in two so dexterously by the Enemy, that one half of it fell on one Shoulder, and the other half of it on the opposite Shoulder; and yet on his Comrade's laying his Hands carefully under the two Sides, clapping them nicely together again, and binding them close with his Handkerchief, the Man did well, drank his Pot of Ale at Night, and scarcely recollected that ever he had been hurt.* This similar Story, so seasonably applied, set all the Company in a Horse-Laugh, which wrought such an Effect upon the old Warder, that he never had the Courage afterwards to tell his accustom'd Story.

A young Fop finding Fault with the chief Character in one of *Dryden's* Tragedies, said it was *unnatural*, and that *he himself should not act so in such Circumstances*; but, Sir, answer'd Mr. *Dryden*, you should consider, *You are no Hero.*

One Morning while Alderman *Barber* was in Bed, he was visited by Mr. Deputy *B—d*, who without any Ceremony bolted into his Chamber, being told that he was ill of the Gout. The Deputy, after the usual Compliments;

pliments, sat down, and enter'd into Conversation ; but observing the Curtains to be close drawn, and the Alderman to be more reserv'd than usual, he began to suspect something more than ordinary to be the Matter ; and casting his Eyes round the Room, he spy'd a Woman's Shoe just under the Bed ; *Well, Mr. Alderman,* said he, *I hope you are not dangerously ill—I am miserably tormented in my Feet,* reply'd the Alderman. *I don't wonder at that,* said the Deputy, *when you wear such narrow-toed Shoes,* reaching the Lady's Shoe at the same Time. The Alderman, who could not help smiling at the Discovery, laid aside his forc'd Reserve, and said, *If that's the Case, Mr. Deputy, I'll get another Pair.*

Lady V— being asleep in her Closet, with *the Adventures of Peregrine Pickle* before her, her Lord happen'd to step in, and looking over the Book without waking her, took the Liberty to change it for *the Practice of Piety*, and so left her. When she wak'd, she presently perceiv'd the Trick ; and his Lordship entering while the Book was yet in her Hand, he took Occasion to compliment her on her Ladyship's Reformation. *Nay, nay,* answer'd my Lady, *let our Reformation go Hand-in-Hand, I beseech you ; when you, my Lord, practice the Whole Duty of Man, then I'll read the Practice of Piety.*

There being a great Disturbance one Night at Drury-Lane Play-house, the late Mr. Wilks,

coming upon the Stage to say something to pacify the Audience, had an Orange thrown full at him; which, when he had taken up, making a low Bow, with the Orange in his Hand——*I think*, said he, *this is no Civil Orange.*

A famous Punster being desir'd to make a Pun extempore, upon what Subject? said he. *The King*, answer'd the other. *Oh, Sir*, replies the Punster, *the King is no Subject.*

Soon after my Lord C——ld came into the Privy-Council, a Place of great Trust happen'd to become vacant, to which his M——ty and the Duke of D——t recommended two very different Persons. His M——ty espous'd the Interest of his Friend with some Heat, and told them, *He wou'd be obey'd*; but not being able to succeed, he left the Council-Chamber in great Displeasure. As soon as he retir'd, the Matter was debated warmly, but at length it was carried against the K——g; *because if they once gave him his Way, he would expect it again, and so it would rise at length to a Precedent.* However, in the Humour his M——y was then in, a Question arose, who should carry the Grant of the Office for his M——y to sign; and the Lot fell on Lord Cb——ld. His Lordship expecting to find his M——y in a very unfavourable Mood (and accordingly it happen'd so), prudently forbore to incense him by an abrupt Request, and, instead of bluntly asking

asking him to sign the Instrument, very submissively ask'd *whose Name* his M——y would be pleas'd to have inserted to fill up the Blanks. The K—g answer'd, in a Passion, *The Devil's, if you will.* Very well, reply'd his Lordship; *but would your M——y have the Instrument run in the usual Style, Our trusty and well beloved Cousin and Counsellor?* The K—g laugh'd, and with all the good Nature in the World, set his Name to the Paper, tho' to promote a Person not very acceptable to himself.

A Nurse, who was holding a Child by the Fire-side, and handling his little *Bauble*, said to a Maid that stood by, *Look here, you may see by a Penny how a Shilling is coin'd.*

A young Lady ask'd a Gentleman, who was a Lawyer, what was the most surprizing *Curiosity* in all Sir *Hans Sloan's* Collection? He answer'd, *a Virgin at Fifteen*; indeed, Sir, reply'd the Lady, you are mistaken; for I have been told, that in his whole Collection there is nothing so curious as an *honest Lawyer*.

The late Bishop of *D——m*, who was a great Scholar and an able Speaker, but remarkable for a total Neglect of Dress, and a slovenly Habit of keeping one Hand almost always *in his Breeches*, having been pitch'd upon by the Ministry to introduce the Bill for making a Provision for Officers Widows into the House of Lords; his Lordship, when he made

the Motion, stood with the Bill in one Hand, and held the other in *the usual Place*; and then began with great Solemnity to acquaint the House, *that he had an Instrument in his Hand for the Benefit of Officers Widows*: Upon which, the Duke of *Argyle*, instantly interrupting him, ask'd, with a Smile, *In which of your Hands, my Lord?* The Jest put the whole House in a Roar, but did not in the least disconcert the Bishop, who went on with his Motion, as if no such Interruption had happened.

Mr. *Congreve* going up the Water in a Boat, one of the Watermen told him, as they passed by *Peterborough House*, at *Mill-Bank*, that a remarkable Accident had happen'd to that very House; it had *sunk a Story*. No Friend, says *Congreve*, *I rather believe it is a Story rais'd*.

Charles Hulet, the Player, about the Year 1710, was put 'Prentice to a Bookseller. By reading of Plays in his Master's Shop, he us'd to repeat Speeches in the Kitchen, in the Evening, to the Destruction of many a Chair, which he substituted in the Room of real Persons in the Drama. One Night, as he was repeating the Part of *Alexander*, with his wooden Representative of *Clytus* (an Elbow-Chair), and coming to the Speech where the old General is to be kill'd, this young mock *Alexander* snatch'd a Poker, instead of a Javelin, and threw it with such Strength against poor *Clytus*, that the Chair was kill'd upon the

the Spot, and lay mangled on the Floor. The Death of *Clytus* made a monstrous Noise, which disturb'd the Master in the Parlour, who call'd out to know the Reason; and was answer'd by the Cook below: *Nothing, Sir, but Alexander has kill'd Clytus.*

Mr. *F*—— coming out of the House of Commons one Day, call'd out, *Where's my Fellow? Not in England, by G-d*, said a Gentleman, who stood by.

Sir *Richard Steele* having one Day invited a great Number of Persons of the first Quality, they were surpriz'd at the Number of Liveries which surrounded the Table; and after Dinner, when Wine and Mirth had set them free from the Observation of strict Ceremony, one of them enquired of Sir *Richard* how such an expensive Train of Domesticks could be consistent with his Fortune. Sir *Richard* very frankly confess'd, that they were Fellows of whom he would very willingly be rid; and being then ask'd why he did not discharge them, declared, *That they were Bailiffs, who had introduced themselves with an Execution; and whom, since he could not find them away, he had thought it convenient to embellish with Liveries, that they might do him Credit while they staid.* His Friends were diverted with the Expedient, and by paying the Debt discharged their Attendance; having obliged Sir *Richard* to promise that they should
never

never again find him graced with a Retinue of the same Kind.

The present glorious King of *Prussia* having invited the *French* General Officers and other Prisoners to sup with him the Evening of the memorable Battle of *November* the 5th, 1757, made an Apology for his not treating them in so magnificent a Manner as he could wish, by saying, *Really, Gentlemen, I did not expect you so soon, nor in such great Numbers.*

A moving Sermon being preach'd in a Country-Church, all fell a weeping but one Man, who being ask'd, why *he* did not weep along with the rest? *Oh!* said he, *I belong to another Parish.*

During the Breach between Queen *Mary* and the Princess *Anne* (afterwards Queen), the latter was entirely neglected by the Courtiers; but upon the Queen's Death, Things took a different Turn; nothing was to be seen but Crowds of Courtiers flocking to *Berkley-House* (the Princess's Residence.) This sudden Change occasion'd the half-witted Lord *Carnarvon* to say one Night to the Princess, as he stood close by her in the Circle; *I hope your Highness will remember, that I came to wait upon you, when none of this Company did;* which quaint Speech caused a great deal of Blushing, as well as Mirth.

When

When Mrs. *W—* first acted Sir *Harry Wildair* at *Drury-Lane* Playhouse, coming off the Stage into the Green-Room, *I believe*, said she, *that one Half of the House take me to be really a Man*: To which said Mrs. *Clive*, *But the other Half, I believe, know to the contrary*.

A Schoolmaster asking one of his Boys, in a sharp wintry Morning, what was *Latin* for Cold, the Boy hesitated a little. *What, Sirrah!* said he, *can't you tell?* Yes, yes, reply'd the Boy, *I have it at my Fingers Ends*.

A Lady, who had more Vivacity than Discretion, began to rally a little Gentleman in Company about the Marriage of his Friend, who, it seems, was also a very little Man. 'Tis surprising to me, says the Lady, that *Miss *****, who we all know to be a Girl of good Sense, should ever think of such a diminutive Animal; why I cou'd hide fifty of them under my *Petticoat*. Madam, quoth the Gentleman, I don't doubt but you have had a hundred there before now.

When the Earl of *Wharton*, who made so eminent a Figure in the Reign of Queen *Anne*, was a Stripling, in the Life of his Father, a most formal *Presbyterian*; there being some extraordinary Entertainment for some young Gentry on the Anniversary of this hopeful Son's Birth, he was ordered by the old Lord to say
Grace;

Grace ; whereupon, turning up his Eyes, and assuming a *Puritanical* Countenance, he breathed the following Strain :

*I pray God to shorten the Eays of Lord Wharton,
And set his Son up in his Place ;
He'll drink, and he'll whore, and ten thousand
Things more,
With as good a fanatical Face.*

The pious Parent, not hearing what he said, being deafish, but perceiving he had finished, and supposing what he uttered to be what it ought on such an Occasion, very innocently gave his Assent to it by an *Amen*, *I pray God* ; which, to his great Surprise, made the whole Company burst into a Laughter.

A Gentleman on Horseback, and his Man on Foot, stroking the Horse's Buttocks, receiv'd a Kick ; upon which he took up a Stone to throw at the Horse, and hit his Master on the Back, which made him ask what was the Matter ? *Alas ! Sir*, said the Man, holding his Leg, *your Horse has lamed one of my Legs*. *Ay*, cry'd the Master, *he is indeed very unruly, for he has kick'd me on the Back, and 'tis well he miss'd my Head*.

Mr. Jackson and Mr. Harrison, two Tradesmen of London, went to *West Chester Fair*, to lay a little Money out ; and being there one Night, the Chamberlain of the Inn where they lodg'd,

lodg'd, happen'd to conduct them through an Apartment where there were two Men in Bed together. Mr. *Jackson* observ'd, that one of them was so plaguy long-shank'd that his Legs were half-way out at the Feet of the Bed ; which he no sooner saw, than he conceiv'd a mighty Desire to have a Frolic with them ; and as soon as they came into the next Room, where they were to lie, he says to the Chamberlain, You may now leave us, and we'll take Care of the Candle ourselves : So, when the Chamberlain was retir'd, he acquainted his Bedfellow with his Design. Did you observe, said he, the Man in the next Room with his Legs half a Yard out at the Feet of the Bed ? Yes, reply'd *Harrison* ; and what then ? If you'll hold the Candle just at the Door, answer'd *Jackson*, and light me, and take it away at my Signal, I'll shew you some Diversion. With all my Heart ! reply'd *Harrison*. So both of them pull'd off their Slippers, to prevent making a Noise ; and as soon as *Jackson* came into the Room where the two Men lay, he spies a Pair of Spurs, one of which he takes up, and gently puts it upon the Man's naked Foot that hung so far out of Bed ; and as soon as he had buckled it fast, he beckons his Friend to take away the Candle and shut the Door, and then he gives *Teague* (for he happened to be an *Irishman*) a good hard Pinch upon the same Foot that he had put the Spur on. The *Irishman* at this began to growl confoundedly ; and hauling up his Feet into the Bed (tho' not awake) he scratch'd his
Bed-

Bedfellow's Legs sadly with the Spur, who, being a *Scotchman*, roars out, in a devilish Passion, *De'el d—n you, Sir, gen ye'se not gang out of the Bed, and cut your Toe Nails, by G-d! Ise throw you oot o' th' Window.* The *Irishman* being yet asleep, and not in the least sensible of what had passed, soon after thrust down his Legs as they were before; then *Harrison* gave him t'other Pinch by the Toe, and up the *Irishman* hauls his Feet again, and scratch'd the *Scotchman's* Legs as before; at which the *Scotchman* began to pommel the *Irishman* heartily. Presently after, the *Irishman* rolling his Feet about the Bed, stuck the Rowel of the Spur into his own Leg, which thoroughly awak'd him. At this, he, with some Surprise, putting down his Hand to feel what was the Matter with his Foot, cry'd out, in a very great Passion, *Arrah d—n my Shoul, but the Hostler of dish Inn ish a very great Rascal; for by Chriesht! he has pull'd off both my Boots, and, like a d—n'd Rogue, has left one of my Spurs on.*

A deform'd Lady, going one Day into the Pump-Room at *Bath*, was accosted by the celebrated Beau *N—sh*, who thought to divert himself and the Company at the Lady's Expence, *Pray, Madam, what is the Name of Tobit's Dog?* *N—sh*, reply'd the Lady, *and a very impudent Dog he is.*

An *Irishman* eating an Apple-Pye with some Quinces in it: *Arrah now, dear Honey,* said he,
if

*if a few of these Quinces give such a Flavour—
How would an Apple-Pye taste made all of
Quinces?*

A young Gentleman, of a good Family, who had only a Pair of Colours in the Guards, had been a long Time solliciting in vain for a Company; 'till chancing to be at a Visit, where the late D—s of *Marlb—h* had met with Disgrace, by accidentally breaking wind backward, if our young Soldier had not, with great Gallantry taken it upon himself, and asked a thousand Pardons for the pretended Offence he had given, which quite freed her Grace from the least Suspicion of it. The D—s was so charm'd with the Presence of Mind, and polite Manner in which the young Ensign had brought her off, that she never let the Duke rest, 'till he had given him the Company he wanted; and upon delivering his Commission to him—*You find, Captain, said she, it is an ill wind that blows nobody Good.*

A Fellow of a certain College, seeing *Tom Brown* in a tatter'd Garb, said: *Tom! your Gown's grown too short for you. Ah! reply'd Tom, that's true; but it will be long enough before I shall get another.* This Repartee so diverted the Fellow, that he continu'd laughing 'till he met with a Brother of the same College, who ask'd him what he laugh'd at? *Why, says he, at an excellent Joke: I just now told Tom Brown his Gown was grown too short for him;*
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and he said, it would be a long Time before he should have another. Well, and pray where is the Joke in that? I don't know, reply'd he, but I am sure it was a good Joke when I heard it.

A Person saying (not at all to the Purpose) that really *Sampson* was a very strong Man: *Aye*, said another, *but you are much stronger; for you make nothing of lugging him in by the Head and Shoulders.*

Mr. B——, who made the fine Fireworks in the *Green Park*, being in Company with some Ladies, was highly commending the Epitaph in *Westminster Abbey*, on Mr. *Purcell's* Monument:

He is gone to that Place, where only his own Harmony can be exceeded.

Lord! Mr. B——, said one of the Ladies, the same Epitaph might serve you, by altering one Word only:

He is gone to that Place, where only his own Fireworks can be exceeded.

A Person ask'd an *Irishman*, why he wore his Stockings the wrong Side outwards? *Because*, says he, *there is a Hole on the other Side.*

A Quaker being in Bed with his own Spouse, in the Middle of the Night, about the ninth Hour,

Hour, she pulled him, saying, *Ezekiel*, awake! What sayest thou, *Tabitha*, the Wife of my Bosom? Arise, said she, speedily and quickly, and make no long tarrying nor delaying, but enter into the next Room, and nigh unto the Place that pays Tribute unto *Cæsar*, there standeth a Wicker-Chair, whereon hangeth a Garment, called, by the Unenlightened, a red Petticoat: Dive into the Pocket, and take out thence two Farthings; then go thy Way unto *Obadiah*, the Tallow-Chandler, and buy two Candles; light one of them, and bring in presently; for *I fear our youngest Son, Nehemiah, has best-t himself.*

A Gentleman having receiv'd some Abuse, in passing through one of the *Inns of Chancery*, from some of the Clerks, he was advis'd to complain to the *Principal*, which he accordingly did; and coming before him, accosted him in the following manner: *I have been grossly abus'd here by some of the Rascals of this House; and understanding you are the Principal, I am come to acquaint you with it.*

Harry H—w—rd, who was a comical Spark, when an Apprentice, being for some Misdemeanor carried before Justice *L—d*, who was very crooked; the Magistrate asking him, when his Master had finished his complaint, whether he had any thing to say in his own vindication? *Yes*, replied the Youngster, *I could offer a great deal;*

deal; but it will signify nothing, for I see you are all of one Side.

Scotus, or, as we should now stile him, *Scot*, one of the School-men, a Man greatly renowned for his Learning in the dark Age wherein he flourish'd, dining at the Table of *Charles the Bald*, Emperor and King of *France*, and behaving in a slovenly Way, such as he was used to in his Cell at College; the Emperor, sitting opposite to him, merrily said, *What Difference is there between a Scot and a Sot?* To which he bluntly, but very wittily, replied, *Only the Table.*

A Country Clergyman meeting a Neighbour, who never came to Church, altho' an old Fellow above Sixty, he gave him some Reproof on that Account; and ask'd him, *If he never read at home?* No, reply'd the Clown, *I can't read.* I dare say, said the Parson, *you don't know who made you.* Not I, troth, cry'd the Countryman. A little Boy coming by at the same Time, *Who made you, Child?* said the Parson. God, Sir, answer'd the Boy. *Why there,* quoth the Clergyman, *are you not ashamed to hear this Child tell me who made him, when you, who are so old, cannot?* Ah! said the Countryman, *it is no Wonder that he should remember: He was made but t'other Day; it's a great while, Measter, sin' I was made.*

It was customary with Marshal *Villars*, when any of his Soldiers were brought before him, for heinous Offences, to say to them, *By G—d, Brother, you or I shall certainly be hang'd*; which was a sufficient Denunciation of their Fate. A Spy being discovered in his Camp, he addressed him in the same Language. Next Day, the Provost hurrying the Wretch to the Gallows, he pressed earnestly to speak with the General, alledging he had somewhat of Importance to communicate. His Excellency, being informed thereof, said, it is the way of all these Rascals; when ordered for Execution, they ever pretend some frivolous Story or other, merely to reprieve themselves for a few Moments: however, bring the Dog hither. Being introduced, he asked him what he had to say? *Why, my Lord*, said he, *when first I had the Honour of your Conversation, you told me, that either you or I should be hanged. Now am I come to know, whether it is your Pleasure to be so? Because, if you won't, I must. That's all.* The Marshal was so pleased with the Fellow's Humour, that he commanded him to be dismissed.

Two Women were gossiping together; one says, *My Daughter han't laid her Eyes together these four Nights. You Fool*, says t'other, *how should she? Don't her Nose lie between?*

One of the Commissioners of the Revenue being one Night in the Pit at *Drury-Lane*

Play-house, an Orange Girl, famous for her Wit and Assurance, striding over his Back, he popp'd his Hands under her Petticoats. *Nay, Mr. Commissioner, said she, you'll find no Goods there, but what have been fairly enter'd.*

A Sea Captain being ask'd his Opinion about a *future State*, he answer'd, *that he never troubled his Head about State Affairs.*

A Man and his Dog, nam'd *Cuckold*, going out together in the Evening, in returning home, the Dog ran in Doors first. *Oh Mother, says the Boy, Cuckold's come. Nay then, Child, reply'd the Mother, your Father's not far off.*

A Punster, going along the *Strand*, when a great Mob of Spectators was gathered to see a Malefactor pass to his Execution at *Charing-Cross*, ask'd a genteel Person, who was standing in the Crowd, What was the Name of the Fellow going to be hanged? He answered, one *Vowel*. *Ab! said the Querist, Do you know which of them it is, Sir; for there are several of that Name? No, return'd the other, I do not. Well, said the Wag, this however is certain, and I am very glad of it, that it is neither U nor I.*

The King of *France*, taking *Killigrew*, the famous Jester, into a Gallery full of Pictures, among the rest, shew'd him the Picture of *Christ* upon the Cross, and ask'd him if he
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knew who that was? But Killigrew made himself very ignorant, and answer'd, *No. Why,* said the King, *I'll tell you, if you don't know; this is the Picture of our Saviour upon the Cross, and that on the right Side is the Pope's, and that on the left is my own.* Whereupon Killigrew reply'd, *I humbly thank your Majesty for the Information you have given me; for though I have often heard that our Saviour was crucified between two Thieves, yet I never knew who they were before.*

One of the Comedians walking down Bow-Street, Covent-Garden, saw a poor miserable Object asking Charity: he stopp'd and reliev'd him; saying, at the same Time, *This Man must either be in great Distress, or a very good Actor.*

King Charles the Second being in Company with Lord Rochester and some other Noblemen, who had been raking all Night; Killigrew coming in, says the King, *Now we shall hear of our Faults.* No, saith, saith Killigrew, *I don't care to trouble my Head with that which all the Town talks of.*

A Fellow blaming his Sweetheart, telling her, she was false to him; she, to clear herself, us'd many Imprecations, bidding him, if it were so, to mark her End. Nay, as for that, said he, *I shall not so much mark your End, as I shall your Middle.*

A Person,

A Person, whose Talent lay in Comedy, wanting to come upon the Stage, gave a Specimen of his Capacity to Mr. *Quin*, who ask'd him if he had ever play'd any Character in Comedy? The former answer'd, *Yes, he had play'd Abel in the Alchymist. I am rather of Opinion you play'd Cain, says Quin; for I am certain you murder'd Abel.*

The Prince of *Conde*, coming to congratulate his Master, *Lewis XIV.* on the Battle of *Senef*, in which his Highness had commanded, and gained great Honour; the King stood on the Top of the Stairs to receive him. The Prince, being lame of the Gout, mounted very slowly; and, stopping Mid-way, begg'd his Majesty's Pardon, if he made him wait. *Cousin*, said the King, *do not hurry yourself; a Person loaded with Laurels, as you are, cannot move very swiftly.*

One Mr. *Ash*, who was himself a famous Punster in *Ireland*, coming into an Inn, desired the Landlord to lend him a Hand to pull off his great Coat. *Indeed, Sir*, said he, *I dare not.*—*Dare not?* replied the other: *What do you mean by that? You know, Sir*, answer'd he, *there is an Act of Parliament against stripping of Ash.*

Soon after the Battle of *Oudenard*, the Dutchess of *M——h* made a Tour to *Flanders*. Her Grace landed at *Dunkirk*, where she lay
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all Night ; and in the Morning, tho' she had given a great deal of Trouble in the Inn, she went away, and forgot the usual present to the Chambermaid. The Girl thought of an Expedient to make herself amends, and purchased a Number of Phials ; then filling them, carefully cork'd and seal'd them : This done, she caused it to be rumoured abroad, that she had a Quantity of the Duchess of *M—b's* Eye-Water, which her Grace, at her Departure, had put into her Hands to sell. It was in Reality the Duchess of *M——b's* Water that filled the Bottles, and the Humour succeeded to the Girl's Wish : The Eye-Water was bought for the Novelty by Rich and Poor, and the Cures it perform'd were so wonderful, that the Fame of it's Virtues reach'd the Duchess at the *English* Camp. Her Grace recollected her Omission, and was not a little nettled at the Wench's Stratagem ; but could not then help it. In her Return home, however, she lay again at the same Inn ; and as the Wench was putting her to Bed at Night, *Child*, said she, *I hear you have a famous Eye-Water to sell ; I have a Mind to be a Purchaser.* The Girl, quite confounded, faintly said, *It is all disposed of.* *What Quantity might you have of it ?* said the Duchess. *Only a few Dozens,* replied the Girl. *Well,* said the Duchess, *prepare your Bottles, and you may now have a larger Quantity of the genuine Sort.* The Girl was miserably perplex'd, and could not tell what to say ; but fell into Tears ; and dropping upon her Knees, confess'd

confess'd her Indiscretion, and humbly implor'd her Grace's Forgiveness, promising never to offend again in the like Manner. *Nay, but indeed, Child,* said her Grace, *you must make up some for me; for I have heard an excellent Character of its sovereign Virtues.* Being assured her Grace was in Earnest, the Girl reply'd, *she should be obey'd.* In the Morning she order'd her young Doctress, in her own Presence, to bottle every Drop of it, to cork it up safely, and seal it, as she had done the former; by which she discover'd that the Girl had actually procured her Grace's Arms to her new Nostrum, a Circumstance she had not before dreamt of. *Well, my Dear,* said the Duchess, *I find you're a Mistress of your Trade; you make no Scruple to counterfeit a Seal.* Madam, said the Girl, *you dropt the Seal in the Room, and that put me in the Head of it.* And what might you gain, said her Grace, *by your last Supply?* *Fifty Livres,* reply'd the Girl. *Very well,* said the Duchess, *please to restore the Seal, and there is double that Sum for you;* putting five Louis d'Ors in her Hand; adding, with a stern Look, and a severe Tone of Voice, *Beware of Counterfeits, Hussy.*

Sir George Rooke, before he was made Admiral, had served as Captain of Marines upon their first Establishment; and being quarter'd on the Coast of *Effex*, where the Ague made great Havock among his Men, the Minister of the Village where he lay was so harass'd with
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the Duty, that he refused to bury any more of them without being paid his accustom'd Fees. The Captain made no Words, but order'd the next that died to be carried to the Minister's House, and laid upon the Table of his great Hall. This greatly embarrass'd the poor Clergyman, who, in the Fulsness of his Heart, sent the Captain Word, *That if he would cause the dead Man to be taken away, he would never more dispute it with him; but would readily bury him, and his whole Company, for nothing.*

Sir C—— M——, a Scotch Baronet, and Member of Parliament for one of the royal Boroughs of that Kingdom, came one Morning, according to Custom, to Sir Robert's Levee, and, without the least Ceremony, laid hold of his Ribband. Sir Robert could not easily disengage himself, and the Baronet lugg'd him to the Window, in which, fousing himself down, he happen'd to have an Escape, which carried with it so loud a Report, that it threw the whole Company into Laughter:—*Very well, Sir C——, said the Minister, pray what have you further to say? Why, this it is, Sir Robert: I owe fifteen hundred Punds, and, by G---d, if you don't give it me, I'll e'en go To-morrow to the House, and vote according to my Conscience.*

Joe Trefusis, an excellent Comedian, as he was fishing by the Liffy Side, near Dublin,
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some Friends of his were going in a Boat, in order to embark for *England*. *Joe* seeing them, call'd to them to take him in, that he might see them safe on Board. He gave his Fishing-Rod to a Friend on Shore, to take Care of it 'till his Return; but *Joe*, it seems, was prevail'd on by some of his Companions to make the Journey to *London* along with them, with his Fishing-Cloaths on his Back, not a second Shirt, and but seven Shillings in his Pocket. His Companions left him at *London*, and Mr. *Wilks*, the Player, found him gazing at the Dial in the Square of *Covent Garden*. He hardly knew him at first (as Mr. *Wilks* said) but by his particular Gait, which was beyond Imitation. When he asked him how he came there, and in that Pickle; *Hum! Ha! why Faith, Bobby*, reply'd *Joe*, *I only came from Dublin to see what it was o'Clock at Covent Garden.*

Dr. Andrews, Bishop of *Winchester*, and *Dr. Neel*, Bishop of *Durham*, dining with King *James I.* his Majesty said to the Bishops, *My Lords, cannot I take my Subjects Money, when I want it, without all this Formality of Parliament?* Upon which the Bishop of *Durham* readily answer'd, *God forbid, Sir, but you should, you are the Breath of our Nostrils.* On which, the King, turning to the Bishop of *Winchester*, said—*Well, my Lord, what say you?*—*Sir*, reply'd the Bishop, *I have no Skill to judge of Parliamentary Cases.* The King answered—*No put off's,*

offs, my Lord, answer me pertinently. Then, Sir, added he, I think it's lawful for you to take my Brother Neal's Money, for he offers it.

Joe Trefusis, the Comedian, entered a Volunteer on board the Ship the Duke of York, commanded in the Channel, in that memorable Sea-Engagement with the Dutch Fleet, commanded (he used to say) by Van Tromp. When Preparations were making for the Battle, Joe, tho' a Volunteer, confess'd, Fear began to invade him; but when the Man at the Top-mast-head cry'd, a Sail! then two Sails! and after, Z—s, a whole Wood, Joe's Terrors augmented: But his Fears came to the full Height, when a Sailor ask'd him—If he had not perform'd on the Stage? Joe reply'd in the Affirmative. Why then, said the blunt Tar, To-morrow, if you are not killed with the first Broadside, by G—d you will see the deepest and bloodiest Tragedy you ever saw in your Life.

Mr. F—— C———, a Person noted for his Humour and genteel Address, but inclined to be a little too free upon some Occasions, happened to dine one Day at the Tavern, and to sit next a Gentleman, who had his Hair tied up in a Knot. This was too fair an Occasion to miss, tho' the Gentleman was a Stranger to him; and so lifting up the Lock, and playing with it in his Hands, Is this Lock upon human Understanding, Sir? said Joe. The Gentleman looked sternly at him, and in Wrath was pulling

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out his Sword, when the Glittering of the Blade so terrified our Punster, that it filled him with Compunction. Down he dropt upon his Knees, and with a Tone of Voice that raised both Mirth and Pity—*Pray, Sir, don't be angry; I meant no Harm; indeed, I didn't—I never mean any Thing; I am the noted Fool of F—t—t, and every Body knows I mean Nothing.*

At the Masquerade in the Hay Market, one appearing in the Habit of a Bishop, another, for the Jest's Sake, bow'd his Knee to ask Blessing. The former laying his Hand on his Head, very demurely said, *Prithee rise; there's nothing in't, indeed, Friend.*

A Scholar of Dr. Busby's coming into a Par-lour where the Doctor had laid down a fine Bunch of Grapes for his own eating, takes it up, and says aloud; *I publish the Banns between these Grapes and my Mouth; if any one knows any just Cause or Impediment why these two should not be joined together, let them declare it.* The Doctor being but in the next Room, overheard all that was said; and coming into the School, he ordered the Boy, who had eaten his Grapes, to be hors'd; but before he proceeded to the usual Discipline, he cried out aloud, as the Delinquent had done; *I publish the Banns between my Rod and this Boy's Breck; if any one knows any just Cause or Impediment why these two should not be joined together, let them declare it. I forbid the Banns,* cried the Boy. *Why so?* said the

the Doctor. *Because the Parties are not agreed,* replied the Boy. Which Answer so pleased the Doctor, that he ordered the Boy to be set down.

The famous *Tony Lee*, a Player in King *Charles* the Second's Reign, being kill'd in a Tragedy, having a violent Cold, could not forbear coughing as he lay dead upon the Stage, which occasioned a good deal of Laughter and Noise in the House; he lifted up his head, and speaking to the Audience, said, *This makes good what my poor Mother used to tell me; for she would often say, that I should cough in my Grave, because I used to drink in my Porridge.* This set the House in such good Humour, that it produced a thundering Clap, and made every one very readily pardon the *Solecism* he before had committed.

A young Lady of a pretty high Spirit, just upon the Point of Marriage, told her Gallant, that she could never bring herself to say *obey*, and was resolved she would not. When the Ceremony was performing, she kept her Word, and cried *honour and bey*. Nay, Madam, said the Parson, you must say *obey*. Let her alone, Doctor, said the Husband; let her say *bey* now, if she will; *I warrant I'll make her cry O! before Morning.*

Dr. *Mead* coming out of *Tom's* Coffee-House, an impudent broken Apothecary met

him at the Door, and accosted him with a Request that he would lend him five Guineas: Sir, said the Doctor, *I am surprized that you should apply to me for such a Favour, who don't know you!* Oh! dear Sir, replied the Apothecary, *it is for that very Reason; for those who do, won't lend me a Farthing.*

The Reverend Doctor ——— coming from Holland with the K—g, a terrible storm arising, the Ship was in great Danger of being lost—the good Doctor being under inexpressible Anxiety, asked the Captain what he thought of the Danger?—*Oh, by G-d, said he, we shall be in Heaven in half an Hour---God forbid!* replied the Doctor.

Some Years ago, a Son of G——n the Jew, was on the Point of being married to a Christian: The Father had no Objection to the Religion of the Lady, but to the *Smallness* of her Fortune. The Son peremptorily told him, he would marry the Lady; and if he was refused a proper Share of Wealth, he would turn *Christian*, and then he should be intitled by Law to *half* of his Possessions. At this Answer G——n was greatly confounded, and resolved to apply to Counsel, to know whether there was any such Law. The Counsellor replied, that there was, and that his Son, upon turning Christian, would obtain half his Fortune. *But if you'll make me a Present of ten Guineas,* added he, *I'll put you in a Way to disappoint him,* and
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the graceless Dog shall not be able to obtain a Farthing. At this G——n's Hopes revived, and pulling ten Guineas out of his Pocket, instantly clapp'd them into the Lawyer's Hand, expressing his Impatience to know how he was to proceed; when the Counsellor returned with a Smile, *You have nothing to do, Mr. G——n, but to turn Christian yourself.*

Sir *John T—v—r*, who for some Misdemeanor had been expelled from Parliament, one Day meeting with Archbishop *T—t—n*, cry'd, *I hate to see an Atheist in the Shape of a Churchman---* And *I*, replied the good Bishop, *hate to see a Knave in any Shape.*

A certain Captain, who had made a greater Figure than his Fortune could well support, and the Regiment not being paid as was expected, was forced to put off a great Part of his Equipage. A few Days after, as he was walking by the Road Side, he saw one of his Soldiers sitting lous--g himself under an Hedge. *What are you doing there, Tom?* said the Officer. *Why, faith, Sir,* answered the Soldier, *I am following your Example; getting rid of Part of my Retinue.*

A young Woman in *France*, whose Brother had embrac'd the Protestant Religion, was convicted of having a Bastard Child, and obliged to do public Penance. The Priest, after a severe Reprimand, warned her, that as she had

made a Reparation for her own Crime, she should never fall into her Brother's. *Oh! Sir,* said she, *I would rather commit my own Fault a thousand Times, than be once guilty of my Brother's.*

An honest *Highlander*, walking along *Holborn*, heard a Voice cry, *Rogue, Scot, Rogue, Scot*: His northern Blood, fired at the Insult, and drawing his broad Sword, he looked round him on every Side to discover the Object of his Indignation; at last he found that it came from a *Parrot*, perch'd in a Balcony within his Reach: But the generous *Scot*, disdaining to stain his trusty Blade with such ignoble Blood, put up his Sword again with a sour Smile, saying, *Gin ye were a Mon, as ye're a green Geuse, I would split your Weem.*

Mr. T——s C——r, the Comedian, coming one Day to his Father, begged he would let him have one hundred Pounds, which would make him perfectly easy in his Affairs. Why, *The.* said the Father, it is very strange you can't live upon your Salary, your Benefit, and other Advantages: When I was of your Age, I never spent any of my Father's Money. *I don't know that,* answer'd the Son, *but I am sure you have spent a great many hundred Pounds of my Father's Money.*

My Lord B——, having, by his Extravagancies, run himself over Head and Ears in Debt,

Debt, and seeming very little concerned about it, one of his Friends took the Liberty of telling his Lordship one Day, that he wondered how he could sleep quietly in his Bed, whilst he was so much in Debt. *For my Part*, said his Lordship, *I sleep very well; but I wonder how my Creditors can.*

Two Fellows meeting, one asked the other, why he look'd so sad? I have very good Reason for it, answered the other; poor *Jack* —, the greatest Croney and Friend I had in the World, was hanged but two Days ago. What had he done? said the first. Alas! reply'd the other, he did no more than you or I might have done on the like Occasion: He found a Bridle on the Road, and took it up. What, answer'd the other, hang a Man for taking a Bridle! that's hard indeed. *To tell you the Truth of the Matter*, said the other, *there was a Horse tied to the other End of it.*

A young Fellow, whose Person was very handsome, address'd a wealthy old Widow, who after a little Application consented to have him. Boasting of his Success among his Comrades, he spoke with the utmost Contempt of the Lady, and profess'd, it was not her that he design'd to marry, but her Money. She had Notice of this Declaration, and resolv'd to be even with her pretended Lover. Accordingly, on the Wedding-day, she dress'd as gaily as if she were really going to be made a
Bride,

Bride, and hung a Purse of Gold at her Side, of which she made an extraordinary Use on the Occasion. She gave her Hand to the Deceiver with a seeming Alacrity; and he led her to the Ceremony with the Appearance of a sincere Affection, while he was inwardly exulting with Hope of the rich Prize that he was basely betraying into his Possession. He went through his Part, we may believe, without the least Hesitation; but it was quite otherwise with his Partner: For, when she was desired to repeat her's after the Minister, she continued some Time silent, holding forth her Purse only. The Parson pressing her to speak, and demanding the Reason of such an odd Behaviour, she said, "Sir, the Scoundrel, who stands here with me, is an Impostor, who comes not to espouse me, as he openly avowed, but my Fortune. Here is its Proxy, (*pointing to the Guineas at her Girdle*) and he may persuade it to contract with him, if he can; but I will by no Means intrude myself into the Place of that which is the beloved and real Object of his Pursuit. The Villain, who hates my Person, would make himself Master of my Estate, and bring me to Ruin: I hope therefore you will justify my Conduct, in disappointing his vile Intention, and exposing him to the Shame he deserves."

Some Persons talking of a fine Lady that had many Suitors; Well, says one of them, you may talk of this great Man and that great Man,
of

of this Lord and t'other Knight ; but I know a Fellow without a Foot of Estate, that will carry her before them all. *Phoo, d— me, that's impossible*, says another, *unless you mean her Ladyship's Coachman.*

A Person having two extravagant Sons, the one robbed him of his Money, and t'other of his Goods: His Neighbour coming to condole with him, told him ; *He might sue the County, for he had been robbed between Son and Son.*

A Farmer who had a very great Name in the Country for his Dexterity in manly Exercises, such as Wrestling, throwing the Bar, and the like, drew upon himself many Occasions to try his Skill with such as came far and near to challenge him : Among the rest, a conceited Fellow rode a great Way to visit this Champion ; and being told, that he was in his Ground behind the House, he alighted and walked with his Horse in his Hand, 'till he came where he found him at Work ; so hanging his Horse upon the Pales, he accosted him thus : That having heard much of his Fame, he was come forty Miles to try a Fall with him. The Champion, without more Words, came up to him, and closing with him, took him upon such an advantageous Lock, that he pitched him clear over the Pales ; then, with a great deal of Unconcern, took up his Spade and fell to Work again. The Fellow getting upon his Legs, as nimble as he could, called to speak with him. *Well*, says the

the Champion, *have you any more to say to me?*
No, no, replied the Fellow, *only to desire you*
would be so kind as to throw my Horse after me.

A Person advising a Lady in Town to marry a Country Gentleman; to recommend the Match in the stronger Terms, told her it would be more convenient for her, because his *Concerns* in the Country join'd to her's—*Ay,* says the Lady, *but his Concerns shall never join to mine in the City.*

A young Gentleman, playing at Questions and Commands with some very pretty young Ladies, who commanded to take off a Garter from one of them; but she, as soon as he had laid hold of her Petticoats, ran away into the next Room, where was a Bed: *Now, Madam,* said he, tripping up her Heels, *I bar squeaking. Bar the Door, you Fool,* cry'd she.

A Person not belonging to *King's College*, put his Horse in a Field belonging thereto, being warn'd of so doing, and he taking no Notice thereof, the Master of that College sent his Man to him, bidding him say, if he continued his Horse there, he would cut off his Tail. Say you so? said the Person; Go tell your Master, if he cuts off my Horse's Tail, *I will cut off his Ears.* The Servant returning, told his Master what he said: Whereupon he was sent back to bring the Person to him; who appearing, said the Master, *How now, Sir, what mean*

mean you by that Menace you sent me : Sir, said the other, I threaten you not, for I only said, if you cut off my Horse's Tail, I would cut off his Ears.

In the Rebellion in the Year 1715, when a diligent Search was making for the Earl of *Derwentwater*, in order to bring him to Justice for his treasonable Practices, he was supposed to be concealed in some Chambers in the Temple; whereupon the Master of the Temple ordered strict Search to be made in every Corner, by the two Porters of the Temple, and other proper Officers. Upon this they went to work, and in the midst of their Search they found a Gentleman's Chambers shut, which they immediately burst open; going into his Bed-room, they saw him getting out of his Bed, stark naked, crying out, *For Heaven's Sake, Gentlemen, what do you mean ? What Authority have you to break open my Door ? What is your Business here ?* They answered, they were come in Search of the Earl of *Derwentwater*.—The Templar assured them he was not there; but they would not believe him; for one of them said he saw somebody in the Bed; and insisted upon seeing who it was.—This put him into a strange Confusion, for he had the Head-Porter's Wife in his Bed; and how to prevent being discovered, he could not tell; at length a lucky Thought came into his Head, and he pulled all the Bed-Cloaths from her, from the Middle downwards, and what they saw was sufficient to convince them

them that it was not the Earl of *Derwentwater*; nor was the Head-Porter wise enough to know *his own*; but each, after peeping a little while, and *grinning at the venerable Sight*, made their Exit, and seemed very well satisfied.

An arch Boy being at a Table, where there was a piping-hot Apple-Pye, putting a Bit into his Mouth, burnt it so that the Tears ran down his Cheeks. A Gentleman that sat by, ask'd him why he wept? *Only*, said he, *because it is just come into my Remembrance, that my poor Grandmother died this Day twelve Months. Phoo!* says the other, *is that all?* So whipping a large Piece into his Mouth, he quickly sympathized with the Boy, who seeing his Eyes brim full, with a malicious Sneer, ask'd him why *he* wept? *A Pox on you*, said he, *because you were not hang'd, you young Dog, the same Day your Grandmother died.*

A drunken Fellow having sold all his Goods to maintain himself at his Pot, except his Bed, at last made away with that too; when being reprov'd for it by some of his Friends, *Why*, said he, *I am very well, thank God, and why should I keep my Bed.*

Three Citizens walking in the Fields, one said, *We shall have a great Year of Black-berries, for last Week I plucked a Handful of the finest red Black-berries I ever beheld.* A second in Company laughed at him, saying, *Red Black-berries*

berries is a Bull: But the third, with much Gravity, justified what the former had said, asking very gravely, If Black-berries were not always red when they were green.

A pert Coxcomb in Company with Dean Swift, rising from his Chair, said saucily, *Know, Mr. Dean, I set up for a Wit. Oh! do you so?* says the Dean; *then take my Advice, and set down again.*

A Gentleman sitting by Mrs. *W—ff—n* at Lord Lovat's Trial, pointed at *F—y M—y*: *Oh!* says she, *I suppose Fanny has her Eye upon the whole House of Commons. And I dare answer for her,* replied the Gentleman, *if she has, her Eye's no bigger than her Belly.*

A Company of Gamesters at *A——*'s, falling out, gave one another scurvy Language, and seconded it with a Shower of Bottles and Glasses, one of which, happening to hit the Wainscot, brought the Drawer in, who cry'd, *Do you call, Gentlemen? Call Gentlemen!* says one of the Standers-by, *No; they don't call Gentlemen; but they call one another Rogue and Rascal as fast as they can.*

A Citizen's Wife being in the Country, and seeing a Goose that had many Goslings—*How is it possible,* said she, *that one Goose should suckle so many Goslings?*

A Person seeing his Son do Mischief, cry'd out, in great Passion, *Sirrah! did you ever see me do so when I was a Boy?*

A Custom-house Officer at *Liverpool*, running carelessly along the Ship's Gunnel, happened to fall over-board, and was drowned. The Coroner's Jury sat upon the Body, and brought in their Verdict *Felo de se*; upon which an Alderman, who heard it, said, shaking his Noddle, *He fell into the Sea, sure enough.*

A certain Lord Chancellor of a neighbouring Kingdom was no better than the Son of an Alewife. While he was in this high Station, a Countryman, who held a considerable Farm of him, came one Day to pay him a large Sum for Rent. Dinner was just over, and my Lord was drinking a Bottle with some Guests of Quality; knowing his Tenant, tho' a Rustic, to be a Man of some Vanity, he thought he should gratify that in a high Degree, by admitting him into the Dining-room; and therefore, with an Apology, begged his Company's Permission for so doing. He was accordingly introduced, and, after a few Scrapes, seated himself modestly enough at the End of the Side-board. A few complimentary Questions being over, about his Health, and that of his good Wife and Children, my Lord told him, there was Variety of Liquors; but that, as he supposed, Wine, being unused to it, might not be

be altogether suitable to his Palate, the Butler should fill him a Bumper of good *October*. The Farmer had Sense enough to take this Degradation of his Taste for an Affront, and resolved to revenge it. He drank the Beer, and, when it was down, smacked his Lips, as if he was highly pleased. My Lord, fancying that to be the Case, merrily asked him how he liked it? *Why really*, replied the arch Rogue, *I cannot say but it is very good; and yet, by my Faith, I think I have drank better at your Mother's formerly for Twopence a Quart.*

Two conceited young Coxcombs riding from *London* to *Uxbridge*, and seeing a Miller on Horseback in the Road before them, were resolved to be merry at his Expence; so they rode up, one on each Side, saying, *Miller, pray tell us, which art thou, more Knave or Fool?* Truly, said he, *I don't know; but I believe I am between both.*

A Gentleman, remarkably fond of Intelligence, meeting a Courtier, ask'd what News? *Why, Sir*, reply'd he, *there are forty thousand Men risen To-day.* To what End, said the first, and what do they intend? *Why, to go to Bed at Night*, answered he.

A foward young Girl having been debauched, her Father applied to Counsel, to know whether an Action would not lie between his Daughter and her Gallant. *Go home, honest Friend,*

Friend, replied the Barrister, I find there has been already too much Action between them.

A Lady telling her Servant, she had overthrown her Adversary—*Ay!* said the Servant, *he took the wrong Sow by the Ear, when he meddled with your Ladyship.*

A smart Fellow crossing a late King in his Hunting, he rides after him with his Sword drawn: *Pray, Sir,* says he to his Majesty, *do not knight me before my elder Brother is dead, for I am but a younger Brother!* Which turn'd the King's Fury into a Fit of Laughter.

A *Welshman*, in heat of Blood, challenged an *Englishman* at Sword and Buckler; but the *Englishman* giving him a Blow on the Leg, which vexed him, he threw down his Weapon, swearing, *Splut, was not hur Buckler broad enough, but hur must hit hur on the Leg.*

One, who had always been very jocular in his Life-time, when he lay on his Death-bed, his Clerk came and desired he would leave him a Legacy: *Here,* said he, giving him a Key, *in such a Drawer, there is left what will make you drink.* Not many Hours after he died, and the Youth greedily opening the Drawer, found accordingly *two Red Herrings.*

A *Welshman* seeing his Master tearing some Letters, *Pray, Sir,* give *hur one,* says he, *no Matter*

Matter which, to send to her Friends, for they have not heard from her a great while.

King Charles the Second and the Duke of Ormond discoursing of the prettiest Women of the several Counties, says the King to the Duke, *My Lord, you have very pretty Women in Ireland, but they have great Legs. O! that's nothing, please you, my Liege, we lay them aside.*

John Taylor, the Water-poet, being on board the Ship *Hector*, the Captain making him merry with Punch, he began to be very poetical, and saluted the Captain with these Lines :

*Most noble Hector. and thou Son of Priam,
I wish thou wer't but half so drunk as I am.*

Some Thieves met a Man, robbed him, and bound him in a Wood ; a little after they met with another, bound him also, and laid him on the other Side of the Hedge ; then one of 'em cried out, saying, *I am undone ! I am undone !* The other, hearing him say so, *prayed him that he would come and undo him too.*

A Fellow stood staring at a Lady in a Balcony, at which she retired. Says he, *What, does the Sun offend you, Madam ?* Yes, says she, *the Son of your Father and Mother.*

A handsome young Gentlewoman, of a good Family and small Fortune, being asked, Why

she did not apply to be a Maid of Honour ? answered, *That b. cause she cou'dn't push for it.*

One of the Ambassadors from *Morocco*, having never seen *Snow* till he came to *England*, and observing, when it snowed, that the Boys gathered it up in their Hands, said ; *It is no Wonder the English were so fair, since they washed themselves in white Rain.*

A young Fellow in the Country, after having an Affair with a Girl in the Neighbourhood, cried, *What shall we do, my Dear, if you prove with Child !* O very well, said she, *for I am to be married To-morrow.*

A certain Country Justice, remarkable for incredible Stories, was telling a *Londoner*, who happened to dine at a Market-town with him, of a *Turnip* which grew in one of his Fields, that five Sheep had eat their Way into, and lived in it during the Winter. The Citizen, in his Turn, said he could tell him of as wonderful a Thing as that. Not long before he left the Town, Business called him to *White-chapel*, where he passed by a Brazier's, who was making a *Copper*, which was so very large, that though four and twenty Men were at work upon it, they could not hear each other hammer the Rivets. *What the Devil can that be for ?* says his Worship. *Why to boil your Turnip in,* says the other.

A Gentleman saying one Day at Table, that he could not endure a Breast of Mutton. You said so the other Day, cried another, of a Breast of Veal. *Very true*, answered the first, *I do not love the Breast of any Thing but of a Woman, and that goes against my Stomach.*

Two Gentlemen disputing about Religion in *Button's* Coffee-house, said one of them, I wonder, Sir, you should talk of Religion, when I'll hold you five Guineas you can't say the *Lord's Prayer*. Done, said the other, and Sir *Richard Steele* here shall hold Stakes. The Money being deposited, the Gentleman began with *I believe in God*, and so went cleverly through the *Creed*. *Well*, said the other, *I own I have lost; but I did not think he could have said it.*

Some waggish Scholars walking out one Day from the University of *Oxford*, espied a poor Fellow, near *Abingdon*, asleep in a Ditch, with an Ass by him laden with Earthen-ware, holding the Bridle in his Hand. Says one of the Scholars to the rest, If you'll assist me, I'll help you to a little Money, for you know we are bare at present. They immediately consented. Why then, said he, we'll go and sell this old Fellow's Ass at *Abingdon*; for you know the Fair is To-morrow, and we shall meet with Chapmen enough; therefore, do you take the Panniers off, and put them on my Back, and that Bridle over my Head, and then lead the
Ass

Afs to Market, and let me alone with the old Man. This being done accordingly, in a little Time after, the poor Man awaking, was strangely surprized to see his Afs thus metamorphosed. Oh! for G—d's Sake, said the Scholar, take this Bridle out of my Mouth, and this Load from off my Back. Z——ns! how came you here? replied the old Man. Why, said he, my Father, who is a Necromancer, upon an idle Thing I did to disoblige him, transformed me into an Afs; but now his Heart has relented, and I am come to my own Shape again, I beg you will let me go home, and thank him. By all means, said the Crockery-Merchant: I don't desire to have any Thing to do with Conjurat[i]on; and so set the Scholar at Liberty, who went directly to his Comrades, that by this Time were making merry with the Money they had sold the Afs for: But the old Fellow was forced to go the next Day to seek for a new one in the Fair; and after having looked on several, his own was shewn him for a very good one. Oh! oh! said he, *what! have he and his Father quarrelled again already?* No, no, *I'll have nothing to say to him.*

When Oliver Cromwell first coined his Money, an old Cavalier looking upon one of the new Pieces, read this Inscription on one Side, *God with us*; on the other, *the Commonwealth of England*. *I see*, said he, *God and the Commonwealth are on different Sides.*

A poor Gentleman, who was so often *pulled* by the Sleeve by the Bailiffs, that he was in continual Apprehension of them, going one Day through *Tavistock-street*, his Coat Sleeve, as he was swinging it along in a Hurry, happened to hitch upon the Iron Spike of one of the Rails; whereupon he immediately turned about, in a great Surprise, and cried out—*At whose Suit, Sir! at whose Suit!*

An *Irishman* having a Looking-glass in his Hand, shut his Eyes, and placed it before his Face: Another asking him why he did so? *Upon my Shoul*, says *Teague*, *it ish to shew how I look when I am asbleep.*

One of the late Kings was riding a hunting, and coming to a Gate which he must go thro', seeing a Country Clown at it, said, *Prithee, Fellow, open the Gate.* The Fellow, knowing who he was, said, *No, and please your Grace, I am not worthy of that Office; but I will run and tell Mr. Holt, who is a Justice of Peace, two Miles off, and he shall come and open it for your Grace.* So he ran away, and left the King to open the Gate himself.

A *Welshman* hearing a Malefactor, that was tried before him, say, concerning a Mare he had stole, *that he had brought it up from a Colt:* When he came to be examined about a Sword he had stolen, swore, by *St. Davey*, *it was hur own, for hur had brought it up from a Dagger.*

A Countess coming into the Dressing-room of her Daughter, a young Lady about fourteen, while she was at her Toilet, and observing her very busy in setting her Person off to the best Advantage (herself being in full Dress, and richly adorn'd with Jewels), ask'd the Girl, What she would give to be as fine as her Mamma? To which Miss replied, *Not quite so much as your Ladyship would give to be as young as I am.*

Killigrew was a Man of very great Humour, and frequently diverted King *Charles* the Second, by his lively Spirit of Mirth and Drollery. He was frequently, and had often Access to King *Charles*, when it was denied the first Peers of the Realm. Among many other merry Stories, the following is related of *Killigrew*. *Charles* the Second, who hated Business as much as he loved Pleasure, would often disappoint the Council, by withdrawing his royal Presence when they were met, by which their Business was consequently delayed, and many of the Council were much offended by the Disrespect shewn them. It happened one Day, while the Council were met, and had sat some Time in Expectation of his Majesty, that the Duke of *L—d—ale*, who was a furious ungovernable Man, quitted the Room in a Passion, and accidentally met with *Killigrew*, to whom he expressed himself irreverently of the King. *Killigrew* bid his Grace be calm; *for he would lay a Wager of an hundred Pounds, that he would*
make

make his Majesty come to Council in less than half an Hour. L—d—ale, being a little heated, took him at his Word. Killigrew went to the King, and without Ceremony told him what had happened; adding, I know your Majesty hates L—d—ale, tho' the Necessity of your Affairs obliges you to behave civilly to him; now, if you would get rid of a Man you hate, come to the Council; for L—d—ale is so very ambitious, that rather than pay the hundred Pounds lost in this Wager, he will hang himself, and never plague you more. The King was pleased with the Archness of this Observation, and answered, Then, Killigrew, I'll positively go; and accordingly he went.

When the first Report of the *H—n* Convention was made to the glorious King of *Pr—ssia*, one of his Officers lamented, in his Presence, that he was thereby rendered destitute of all Allies. *Not so*, replied the magnanimous Hero, *Courage Man! I have a faithful one still left, and that is Winter.*

After the *French* were defeated at *Rosbach*, by the King of *P—ssia*, and suffered, in Consequence, a continued Series of Misfortunes, a general Murmur ran through the Officers of the *French* Forces, as well as the common Men, One of the *Prince de Soubise's* Courtiers said to the Prince with a heavy Brow: *See, Sir, the Consequence of your never going to Mass; to this we must impute all our Misfortunes. Do you think*

think then, replied the Prince contemptuously, *that our Enemy, the King of P—ssia, goes to Mass oftener than I?*

King *William* was known and acknowledged by his Enemies to be a Prince of real Courage. An Incident to prove it happened to him after the Battle of the *Boyne* in *Ireland*; where tho' he had escaped the Danger of a Cannon-ball, which grazed his Shoulder, and of a Musket-ball, that struck the Heel of his Boot, as he sat on Horseback, yet when the Enemy was put to the Rout, he was in far greater Danger from one of his own Men, who, mistaking him for an Adversary, came up to him with his Pistol cocked, and presented it to his Breast to shoot him; but the King, with all the Indifference in the World, gently put by his Pistol, and only said, *What! don't you know your Friends?*

When Mr. *W*———It belonged to *Drury-Lane* Play-house, he used, in the Summer Season, to go into the Country with his Family, to play in *Lincolnshire*, where he was born. Being at *Grantham*, his Son was taken ill, which obliged him to excuse himself to Mr. *Wilks* for a few Days, *because he was at the Point of Death*. The very Night this Letter was wrote, the Son, in all Appearance, expired, was stripped and washed, the Bed taken away, and he laid upon a Mat, with a Basen of Salt placed on his Stomach, according to the Custom of the Country. The Parents removed to another

other Lodging ; the Coffin was sent into the Deceased's Chamber, and the Windows were all set open. About ten at Night, a Person was sent with a Light to watch the Corpse. When she opened the Door, poor *Bob* appeared sitting up, with his Teeth chattering in his Head, as well they might, with Cold. The Woman, in her Fright, dropped the Candle, and screamed out, *The Devil ! the Devil !* Poor *Bob*, with much ado, made a Shift to get from the Bed, and taking up the Candle, which lay upon the Floor unextinguished, was creeping to the Door, to call for Assistance, which the Woman perceiving, screamed out again—*A Ghost ! a Ghost ! the Devil ! the Devil !* The Master of the House hearing this Uproar, ran himself to know the Reason ; where poor *Bob* and he soon came to a right Understanding. He was immediately put into a warm Bed, and in a few Days after was in *London*, telling the Story of his *own Death*.

Sir *Charles W-ger*, as is common with Persons who have great personal Courage, and but little Learning, had a sovereign Contempt of Physicians ; tho' a Surgeon, in some Cases, he believed, might be of good Service. It happened that Sir *Charles* was attacked by a Fever, while he was out upon a Cruize, and the Surgeon prevailed upon him to loose a little Blood, and suffer a Blister to be laid upon his Back.—By-and-by it was thought necessary to lay on

G

another

another Blister, and repeat the Bleeding; to which Sir *Charles* also consented. The Symptoms then abated; and the Surgeon told him, that he must now swallow a few Boluses, and take a few Draughts. *No, Doctor,* says Sir *Charles*, *you shall batter my Hulk as long as you will; but, d—n you, you shan't board me.*

Harlequin *Lun*, one Night, got into a Hackney-coach, and ordered the Man to drive him to the *Sun Tavern in Care Market*. It happened that as the Fellow was driving by the Window, *Lun* perceived it to be open, and threw himself out of the Coach into the Room: The Coachman drove up to the House, and getting from his Box, opened the Coach-door, and let down the Step—then, taking off his Hat, he waited some Time, expecting his Fare to alight; but at last, looking in and seeing it empty, he bestowed a few hearty Curses, remounted his Box, turned about, and was driving the same Way back: As he passed the Window, *Lun* watched the Opportunity, and again threw himself into the Coach—He then looked out, and calling to the Coachman, asked where the Devil he was going, and bid him turn about—The Fellow, though greatly surprized, obeyed, and set him down at the Tavern Door. When *Lun* got out, he offered him his Fare—*No*, says the Man; and when he had mounted his Box, *That won't do—I know you too well, for all your Shoes; and so, Mr. Devil, good Night.*

A Gentleman named *Ball*, being about to purchase a Cornecy in a Regiment of Horse, was presented to the Colonel for Approbation, who, being a Nobleman, declared he did not like the Name, and would have no *Balls* in his Regiment. *No, nor Powder neither*, said the Gentleman, *if your Lordship could help it.*

Two City Ladies meeting at a Visit, one a Grocer's Wife, and the other a *Cheesemonger's* (who perhaps stood more upon the Punctilio's of Precedence, than some of their Betters would have done at the Court End of the Town), when they had risen up, and taken their Leave, the *Cheesemonger's* Wife advanced to go out first; but the Grocer's Lady, with great Indignation, pulled her back by the Tail of her Gown, and stepping before her, said—*Hold, Madam, nothing comes after Cheese.*

In a Country Village, it happened that the 'Squire of the Parish's Lady came after her Lying-in to be churched. The poor Parson aiming to be complaisant, and thinking plain *Women* too familiar; instead of saying—*O Lord, save this Woman!* said, *O Lord, save this Lady!* The Clerk, resolving not to be behind Hand with his reverend Master, answered—*Who putteth her Ladyship's Trust in thee.*

A Country Fellow being called as an Evidence in a Court of Judicature, in a Cause where the Terms of *Mortgager* and *Mortgagee*

were frequently used; Judge *P*— asked him if he knew the Difference between Mortgager and Mortgagee. *Yes*, said he, *it is the same as between the Nodder and the Noddee. How is that?* replied my Lord Judge. *Why, you sit there*, said the Clown, *and I nod at you; then I am the Nodder, and your Lordship is the Noddee.*

A Sharper of the Town, seeing a Country Gentleman sit alone at an Inn, and thinking something might be made of him, went and sat near him. Having thus introduced himself, he called for a Paper of *Tobacco*, and said, *Do you smoke, Sir?* *Yes*, said the Gentleman very gravely, *any one that has a Design upon me.*

Mr. *Savage* was once desired by Sir *Richard Steele*, with an Air of the utmost Importance, to come very early to his House in the Morning. Mr. *Savage* came as he had promised, found the Chariot at the Door, and Sir *Richard* waiting ready to go into it. What was intended, and whither they were to go, *Savage* could not conjecture, and was not willing to enquire; but immediately seating himself with Sir *Richard*, the Coachman was ordered to drive, and they hurried with the utmost Expedition to *Hyde-Park-Corner*, where they stopt at a petty Tavern, and retired to a private Room. Sir *Richard* then informed him, that he intended to publish a Pamphlet, and that he had desired him to come thither that he might write for him.

him. They soon sat down to the Work; Sir *Richard* dictated, and *Savage* wrote, 'till the Dinner that had been ordered was put upon the Table. *Savage* was surprized at the Meanness of the Entertainment; and after some Hesitation ventured to ask for Wine, which Sir *Richard* not without Reluctance ordered to be brought. They then finished their Dinner, and proceeded in their Pamphlet, which they concluded in the Afternoon. Mr. *Savage* then imagined his Task over, and expected that Sir *Richard* would call for the Reckoning, and return Home: But his Expectations deceived him; for Sir *Richard* told him, that he was without Money, and that the Pamphlet must be sold before the Dinner could be paid for; and *Savage* was therefore obliged to go and offer their new Production to Sale for two Guineas, which with some Difficulty he obtained. Sir *Richard* then returned home, having retired that Day only to avoid his Creditors, and composed the Pamphlet only to discharge his Reckoning.

It is related of Lord Chief Justice *H——t*, that being once upon the Bench at the *Old-Bailey*, a Fellow was tried and convicted of a Robbery on the Highway, whom the Judge remembered to have been one of his old Companions. He was moved by that Curiosity which is natural upon Retrospection on past Life, to know the Fortune of the Cotemporaries with whom he was once associated, and of whom he

had known nothing for many Years ; he therefore asked the Fellow what was become of *Tom* such-a-one, and *Will* such-a-one, and the rest of the Knot to which they belonged. The Fellow fetching a deep Sigh, and making a low Bow, *Ab ! my Lord*, said he, *they are all hang'd but your Lordship and I.*

Rocheſter being in Company with King *Charles II.* and Lord *B——*, at a Tavern near *Charing-Croſs*, they pushed the Glaſs about ſo briskly, that his Lordſhip was quite over-loaded, and ſtepping into the Balcony, began immediately to caſt up his Accompts. The King and Lord *B——* immediately ran to his Aſſiſtance, and ſupported him on each Side. After his Lordſhip was pretty well recovered, the King ſaid to him, *Rocheſter*, what do you look like now ?—*Look like*, replied his Lordſhip, *why like your Maſteſty's Coat of Arms—ſupported by a Couple of Beaſts.*

A certain Apothecary, who was a Man of more Humour and Frolic than became his Profeſſion, having ſome Buſineſs one Day at *Turnham Green*, took Notice of a Parcel of pretty Boys, that were diverting themſelves on the Place, and of a great Number of Geefe that fed there. He ſoon ſcraped an Acquaintance with ſome of the Children, of whom he learned, that they were Boarders at a School in the Neighbourhood ; he alſo learned their Maſter's Name, and as many domeſtic Circumſtances relating

relating to him as they could tell him ; and then made one of them a Guide to his Habitation. Being admitted, he desired to speak with the Gentleman, whom he pretended to want upon Business. He was ushered into a Parlour, whither the Master came to him. Mr. *Purgative* opened the Entertainment, by begging his Pardon for that Intrusion ; and having obtained it, in the usual Form, he proceeded in this Manner : “ I find, Sir, by the Information
“ of those little Sparks ; playing without there,
“ that they are placed with you for their Maintenance and Education ; I think a more
“ healthful or pleasant Situation could not be
“ chosen for those Purposes ; and as I have two
“ or three Lads myself, whom I am thinking,
“ very shortly, to dispose of in this Manner, I
“ am glad I have happened to discover so convenient a Receptacle in all Respects, if I can
“ prevail upon you, my good Sir, to undertake
“ the Care of them.” This produced a low Bow from the honest Pedagogue, with a Request that the Speaker would favour him so far as to accept a Draught of his Ale, of which he assured him his own good Woman was the Brewer. The Offer was thankfully accepted ; the Liquor highly approved ; and two or three Tankards of it speedily emptied. This elated the Apothecary’s Invention, and put him on playing the Bum-firker such a Prank as one hardly could have conceived. “ I presume,
“ Sir, said he, this is a *Holiday* with those
“ Youngsters who are sporting without upon
“ the

“ the Common ; and to be sure Air and Exercise tend greatly to forward their Growth, and invigorate their Constitutions ; the Benefit that mine will in all Likelihood receive by these Means, will be no small Motive to my planting them under your Tutelage. But talking of the Childrens Exercise, joined with the Notice I have taken of the numerous Flocks of *Geese* with which your Green is covered, as it were, suggests to me a Scheme, which, though at first View it may appear somewhat mean and ludicrous, will, if rightly managed, put more hard Money into your Pocket annually, than, I dare say, your House-rent amounts to, besides paying for a pleasurable Journey to *London*, now and then, in your Vacations. If you can turn the Pastime of your Scholars to your Emolument, so much the better ; the Thing will be no Kind of Injury to them, while it will be vastly for your Profit. Besides, you need not let them know you are to get any Thing by what you set them about ; you may find Pretences enough for so employing them ; and, now it comes into my Head, you may tell them, for an Excuse, you have Occasion for somewhat to enrich the Mould of your Garden.” The good Man hearkened to this long Preamble with the strictest Attention, wondering what the labouring Mountain was to produce ; when the Apothecary went on, “ I perceive, Sir, you are impatient to understand what this Affair is that

“ I

“ I am going to recommend to you. I won’t
“ pretend to say there is any great Honour in
“ it ; but I may promise you a good Deal of
“ gain, and that is better. In short, my good
“ Friend, I am an Apothecary of great Prac-
“ tice in *London*, and make my own chymical
“ Preparations ; one of them, of singular Efficacy,
“ I extract from *Goose Turds*, saving your
“ Presence, of which I use vast Quantities,
“ more than I am well able to procure ; and
“ therefore shall be glad of your Assistance in
“ furnishing me with as much as ever you can
“ muster. Don’t stare, I beseech you, my
“ dear Friend, till you have heard me out.
“ *Risum teneto, amice*. I pay five Shillings a
“ Pound, *Troy Weight*, for all that are brought
“ me. Now, you have the Fowl here in
“ Abundance, and they must void no small
“ Heaps of Dung. You say, you have twenty
“ of those little Urchins under your Command,
“ who have every Day their Hours of Recrea-
“ tion upon the Green, in fair Weather ;
“ what should hinder you from setting them,
“ as a Condition of their having once a Quar-
“ ter an extraordinary Holiday, upon collecting
“ the Excrement of those Animals, and bring-
“ ing it to you ; who may preserve it in a con-
“ venient Repository, till you have gathered
“ enough to be worth carrying to your humble
“ Servant ? One Caution, however, I must
“ give you, which is of the utmost Conse-
“ quence in the *Business*, and on which the
“ Event chiefly depends ; which is, *That you*
“ take

“ *take Care the Commodity be pure ; that is, un-*
“ *mixed with any Thing else : It must be only*
“ *Goose Turd ; remember, I repeat it, it must be*
“ *Goose Turd only : And for this, genuine and*
“ *unadulterated, my Price is, as I have told*
“ *you, a Crown a Pound ready Rhino, for any*
“ *Quantity, from one to a hundred ; besides a*
“ *Bottle of Wine and a Dinner at my House,*
“ *with a hearty Welcome. Well, Sir, what*
“ *say you ? Will you undertake the Commis-*
“ *sion ? You may, at least, every Twelve-*
“ *month, put thirty or forty Pounds into your*
“ *Purse, which will buy Madam a new Gown*
“ *now and then, and afford you Pocket-mo-*
“ *ney into the Bargain.*” This long and
plausible Harangue threw the credulous Pre-
ceptor into such a Quandary, that he was at a
Loss how to answer ; but at last he said, He
would consider of it, and perhaps he might do
something. The Apothecary added, He hoped
he would ; and after mending his Draught,
with a Tankard or two more, he formally took
his Leave, assuring his Host, it should not be
his Fault, if there were not a more intimate
Acquaintance between them. The Wag, half
maudlin with the good Liquor, jogged merrily
home, diverting himself with the Success of his
Frolic, whereby he had fared so much better
than he deserved. He thought the Adventure
over, and never expected to hear any more of
the Goose Turds ; but the Weakness of the
Man he had so egregiously imposed on was be-
yond what he imagined. That Simpleton, after
ruminating

ruminating some Time on the Gain that this new Undertaking promised, went industriously about it, and made the Gleaning of Gooite Turds his Scholars chief Diversion; and, to encourage their Diligence in this filthy Employment, he daily rewarded him that brought the largest Contribution with a Halfpenny. By this Means, in a few Weeks he had amassed above twenty Pounds Weight of it. This he fancied worth carrying to his Customer; and accordingly, inclosing it in a Box, and committing that to the Driver, as a Parcel of Value, he accompanied it, in the Stage-coach, to *London*. Here it was no less carefully consigned to a Porter, who ushered him along with it to the Apothecary. This merry Gentleman was just going to Dinner, and was not a little startled at the Sight of so unexpected a Visiter, whom, though he neither desired nor expected to see, he instantly recollected and divined his Errand. Notwithstanding he had as consummate Assurance as any Man, he was, for a few Moments, at a Loss how to behave on so singular an Occasion, which was likely enough to involve him in some Difficulty. However, he presently recovered his Spirits, put a good Face upon the Matter; and on the School-master's accosting him with a "Well, Sir, though I would not promise, yet you see I am to be relied on; I only said, it may be I may do something; but I think I have done a great deal; I have brought you here a Box full."—"Of what, pray Sir," says Mr. *Clyf-*

ter-

ter-pipe, staring at him like a stuck Pig, "I have not the Favour of knowing you." "Of what, Sir, of what do you think, but of the *Goose Turds*?" "O L—d," cried *Clyster*, as loud as he could bawl, "my dearest Friend, you are heartily welcome. Now I recognize your Physiognomy. Well, as I am alive, I was afraid you had forgotten me. I was just out, and in sad Taking. I began to despair of you. Upon my Word, you are a good Man. I hope you have taken Care that they are *genuine*. I shall be undone, if you have disappointed me. Pray step in and foul a Plate with me. Let us dine, and drink a Bottle, before we proceed to Business." The good Man was quite enraptured, sat down with a jovial Countenance, and eat and laughed immoderately. *Clyster* was to the full as jocund as his Guest. He had now thought of an Expedient, which freed him from all Uneasiness about the Issue of his Adventure: So when he had exercised his Lungs upon him a good while, he told him, that now, if he pleased, he would go and take a Survey of the Treasure he had so kindly brought him. Nymphs followed him into the Shop, smirking, rubbing his Fists, and, while the Box was opening, protested it exhaled a fine Perfume. *Clyster*, on the other Hand, was half killed with the Stench, though ready to burst, with restraining the Explosions of his Mirth at the Creature's Folly. The Affair was now at a Crisis, and the Plot was not
more

more comical than the Catastrophe. *Clyster* assumed the air of Business; very gravely took some of the Dung between his Fingers, and, holding it to his Nose, cried out, as in a Rapture, that it was excellent. This he repeated three or four Times, till he had quite transported Goose-cap into a Medley of Hope and Joy: When, upon a fifth or sixth Application of the nasty Stuff to his Nostrils, he suddenly screamed aloud, "Oh horrible! Oh horrible!" "we are undone! we are undone! Why, the Devil, you have put *Ganders Turds* amongst them! They are all spoiled, all spoiled, not worth a Farthing, by *Jupiter*." Nymphs, scared and amazed at these Exclamations, demanded what the Man meant; for, was not a Goose and a Gander's Turd the same? "No, you Blockhead," replied Mr. *Clyster*, seemingly in a most outrageous Passion, "as far different as *East* is from the *West*; what else was the Reason of my giving you so many strict Charges about them? You are a scurvy Fellow, and to be sure intended to cheat me. I am bubbled, cursedly disappointed, and by depending upon you, shall be a Sufferer, beyond what you, and all belonging to you, are able to repair. However, take your sophisticated Stuff and be gone, or, by *Æsculapius* and *Apollo*, I'll have you laid by the Heels for an Impostor." These Menaces struck poor Noodle, who had no Suspicion of the Bite, into such a Panic, that he thought of nothing but escaping; so, while the

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roguish

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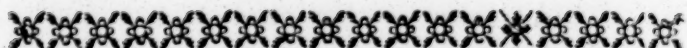
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H roguish

roguish Apothecary was running about, from the Shop into his Parlour, and back again, as if in a Sort of Phrenzy, forsooth, by his Disappointment, he took the happy Opportunity, as he fancied it, of slinking away, and leaving him in Possession of the Goose Turds.

Motteux, one of the most esteemed Translators of *Don Quixotte* into *English*, was a Man of Humour, and of a very mirthful Disposition: He was one of the archest *Hummers*, as they are now called, in the World. He took a Trip one *Sunday*, with a Comrade of his, to *Hampstead*, in order to dine at the *Upper Flask*. In the Way, he offered to lay a Wager, that if he met with any there from *London*, he would send (at least) one of them home as fast as his Heels could carry him. How? said the Company. Leave that to me, said *Motteux*. You will see the Fun, if an Opportunity presents, when we get there. I shall only want two or three Words of your Assistance; and you cannot be at a Loss for them, when there is Occasion; therefore I'll not anticipate the Matter now. The Associate was so like himself, and so used to chime with him in his Frolics, that there was no Danger of their disconcerting one another. When they got to the Scene of Action, and had called each for his Whet, while they were filling their Glasses, *Motteux*, observing two Persons among the Company that he knew lived in *Busb-lane*, said very gravely to his Comrade, *Well, I protest, I*
never

never saw a Fire rage more violently since I was born. No, answered the other immediately ; why, there were four or five Houses down when we came away ; and like enough there may be twenty by this Time. Bless me, cried the By-standers, a Fire at London ! Aye, aye, replied Motteux, and a terrible one indeed. And, pray, whereabouts did it happen ? said one and another. In Bush-lane, Motteux answered ; a narrow Place, where the Engines have hardly Room to play ; so that they will never be able to conquer it. The two Men, who dwelt on the very Spot this unlucky Wag pointed out, had hardly Patience while he was speaking, but fled with the most violent Precipitancy ; nor stopt to ask any Questions of those they met, not doubting the Truth of what they had heard, till they reached the City ; when it is hard to say, if they were more incensed at the Imposition, or rejoiced to find they had been deceived.

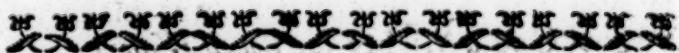


Addressed to the Countess of Coventry.

WHY is a Gardener the most extraordinary Man in the World ?

Because no Man has more Business on *Earth*. He always chuses good *Grounds* for what he does. He commands *Thyme*, is Master of the *Mint*, and fingers *Penny Royal*. He raises his *Celery* every Year, and it is a bad Year that does not bring him a *Plumb*. He meets with more *Boughs* than a Minister of State. He makes more *Beds* than the *French King*, and has in them more *painted Ladies*, and more genuine *Roses* and *Lillies* than are to be found at a Country Wake. He makes *Raking* his Business more than his *Diversion*, as many other Gentlemen do, but makes it an Advantage to *his* Health and Fortune—which few others do—He can boast of more *Rapes* than any other Rake in the Kingdom ; his Wife, nevertheless, has enough of *Lad's Love* and *Heart's Ease*, and never wishes for *Weeds*. Distempers, fatal to others, never hurt him. He walks better for the *Gravel*, and thrives most in a *Consumption*. He can boast of more *bleeding Hearts* than your Ladyship, and more *Laurels* than the Duke of *Marlbro'*. But his greatest Pride, and the World's greatest Envy, is—that he can have *Yew* when he pleases.

A learned



A learned Dispute between two Welshmen.

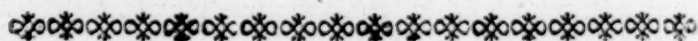
AS *Shinkin ap-Morgan* and *Evan ap-Shones*, two auncient *Pritons*, were sitting in a Publick House together, two other Gentlemen came into the same Room, and one of them taking up the News Paper, read aloud as follows——“ The two Armies are so near to one another, that they are hourly expected to come to a general Battle.”——“ Well, said the other Gentleman, the Lord send us good Luck ! I hope that God Almighty will fight our Battle for us, and blefs us with Victory.” The *Welshmen* over-hearing what the Gentleman said, one of them says to t’other, in a low Voice——“ Ay, put if Got a Mighty should fight our Pattles, look you, what if Got a Mighty should be kilt in the Pattle, Who would be Got a Mighty then ?”——“ Oh, you crate Fool ! replies the other, Who do you think ? Our Saviour, to pe sure—Is he not Got a Mighty’s own Son ?” “ Ay, ay, says t’other, I know very well he is his Son, and that if his Father was tead, he would be Got a Mighty for *England* ; but I pray you now, who would pe Got a Mighty for *Wales* ?” “ O, for *Wales*, replies the other, Why *Morgan Traticker*, to pe sure—Who should else ?”——“ Ay, ay, says t’other again, I know very

G 3

“ well

“ well that *Morgan Traticker* was make very
 “ goot God a Mighty for *South Wales*; put to
 “ you think now that Sir *W—n W—ms W—nn*
 “ will ever let hur pe Got a Mighty for *North*
 “ *Wales*, without having a Pout with hur?
 “ No indeed.”

Here the Dispute was growing high, and perhaps might have ended in a *Welsh* Battle, but their Audience laughing aloud at the Oddity of the Dispute, put a Stop to their Quarrel, and very probably saved the Effusion of some of the very best Blood of *Wales*.



A

QUAKER'S SERMON.

Dear Brethren and loving Sisters,

WE are met and assembled together, and the End and Meaning of our Meeting is this, which I shall unfold to you in as few Words, and as clear a Sense, as the Matter itself will bear.

Obadiab, our dear Brother, who followeth the lawful Occupation of making Shoes in the Town of *Twickenham*, near the River *Thames*, having Occasion to go to *London*, the Man arose, took up his Staff, and walked. But begin

hold, as he was going over *Turnham-Green*, the North-East Corner thereof, he met with our Sister *Ruth*, who cast such ogling Glances at the unfortunate *Obadiah*, and squeezed his Hand so sensibly, that the Snake peeped from out of the Grass, and our dear Friend *Obadiah* was forced to obey the all-commanding Power of the little *unlucky one*: Whereupon he said unto her, *Dear Sister Ruth, the Spirit moveth me to lay thee down, that I may multiply upon thee*; and she answered him and said, *Resist not the Spirit, for from thence proceedeth no Evil*. So he took and laid her down; and when it came to pass that she was down, he covered her Face, that her Eyes might not behold what she was going to commit: *Obadiah* likewise fell with his Face downwards, and then followed the Motions of the Spirit.

But, my Beloved, the Intent was good, and that appears plainly, thus: Our Brother was moved with a fair and tempting Object; and such Temptations who can withstand? And secondly, he did not go to it after the Ways of the Prophane, who say, *G—d d—n me, I will do so or so*, and, *by G—d, you shall do so or so*; but he said unto her, *Dear Sister, the Spirit moveth me*: Whereby you may see his Intentions were good, and that he did not do it to satisfy the sensual and carnal Appetite, but to raise up Seed to the Brotherhood by Propagation.



A

QUAKER'S GRACE, BEFORE MEAT.

BLESS this our Dinner; bless this *Tripe*, and this Loin of *Veal*; for it was a *Molten Calf* that made *Israel* to sin; bless these *Potatoes* and this *Custard*, for the Land of *Canaan* flowed with *Milk* and *Honey*. Bless also these *Tarts*, for thy Judgments are *tart*, unless they are sweetened with the Sugar of thy *Mercy*: Sowse us therefore in the *Powdering-tub* of thy *Mercy*; that we may be *Tripes* fit for thy heavenly Table. Water us *young Shrubs* with the Dew of thy Blessing, that we may grow up into tall *Oaks*, and live to be sawed into *Deal Boards* to wainscot thy new *Jerusalem*. Finally, let this Dinner improve and nourish our Bodies, so that we may with Love and Holiness embrace our Sisters, to the edifying of the Spirit, in raising up the *New Man*.

Two



TWO ORIGINAL
LOVE LETTERS.
LETTER I*.

Dear Molly,

I NOT having a Hopertunity of whaiting
on you this Morning, could not be easy
without wrighting to you, hoping this will find
you in a contrary Mood then what you were in
the last Night, for I do assure you killing Charms,

* The first Letter was copied in the *Worcester*
Coach, in the Summer of the Year 1754. It
would, perhaps, have been buried in Obscurity,
but for the Confidence of the *real Author* (a Fellow
Passenger)—who was extremely proud of his Per-
formance, as it had, he assured us, *wrought a Re-*
conciliation between him and his beloved Mistress—
Which droll Incident caused a *literal* Copy to be
taken *as the Coach drove along*, to the no small
Diversión of the Copier and the rest of the Pas-
sengers.

The other is from a *Blazing Star*, lately eclipsed,
to a *very amiable young Lady*.

and

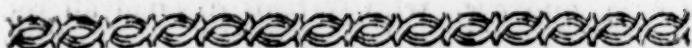
and discreet Behaviour as carried me beyond the Bounds of Reason, were ham I? what ham I a doing? I am at a Loss: Heavens assist my trembling Hand; my Hart is over Welm'd with Grief; I cannot bear the Thoughts of a Seperation from you, that is grac'd with so many agreeable Qualificashons as you are in dowed with. *O charming Creetur* your Delight Company is more to me than all the Whorld beside, and if you deny me of that, you deny me of Life Itself: For nothing in this Whorld will then be any Delight to me, but like a gisconflate Lover, shall wander two and frow, shall then Remane, your sixed Lover, till Deth, 'till Deth.

J— St— all.

P. S.

*Shure last Nigh I did dream,
Ye Thing which opened to me a great Sean.
Ye Word No, which caused Greef of Hart,
O I can never, never think to part.
In the Evening dear Molly give me a Smile,
And let me not be slighted all the while.
My Nonsense pray excuse,
And never Truth love, and Honesty refuse,
And now on this, praps in Scorn you may smile,
Whilst my Hart is bleeding all the while.*

LET-



L E T T E R II.

Mr. D—— to Miss C—— at Ch—m.

Thou dear Female Critic!

I CAN but think what Satisfaction my Promise of writing gives you. Pardon me, *Miss*, I don't mean a *good-natured* Satisfaction; not but I'll allow you a double Portion of *that* amiable Quality; but I mean, according to what I have stiled you———a *Critic!* and *that* I know you are, and what is still worse———a *Female Critic!* Fool that I was to promise! I might have lain snug in a Corner, and not have been notic'd. *O Vanity! Vanity!* thou unthinking Passion! To hurry me on to a Promise, which, performing, only exposes me! Well, I am embark'd, and must, therefore, go through;—for, I imagine, not keeping my Word, would make you think I could *not write at all*; and my Silence consequently incur a worse Construction than from prattling Nonsense: So of two Evils, I'll even chuse the least, and keep my Promise, tho' at the Hazard of my being reckon'd a *Simpleton*. Well—the next Thing is *Subject*——Ay! there I am at a Loss again. Suppose *Gallantry*—no! I know I am not capable. *Flattery*——“O noble Thought to
“ catch

“ catch a Female Heart !” Ay, but then to a *Critic*, and *one*, who perhaps has had all the *fine Things* said to her already I can possibly *invent* ! So there I am foiled again. Suppose then I venture on *Love*—for there my Genius lies—and I can talk for five Hours on that dear Subject without ceasing : Pleasing Ideas now crowd on apace——but hold ! if I don’t take Care, I shall dwell on the Subject without dreaming of the Consequences. Do, thou favourite Passion ! give way a little, while I think of the many Dangers I shall expose myself to by laying that Subject at her Feet. Faith ! I could almost find in my Heart to venture——but then I hate fighting, and half a Dozen Duels would be the least I must expect. The Thought of seeing the Sun—or perhaps the Moon, shine through my *Callicoe Carcase*——Faith, I can’t say I like it ; tho’—if I understood much of the Sword, I believe, I should once hazard myself : for, I think, *he* must be the *best* of Marksmen that can hit me. Well, then,—as I dare not venture on *Love*—give me Leave to address you on the Score of *Gratitude*, which, next to *Love*, may claim the Preference—and be assured, I shall always retain the most grateful Sense of your many Favours, while I remain—with my Hat under my Arm, and a very low Bow (as *Farquhar* says)—

Your most devoted, &c.

NEW



N E W

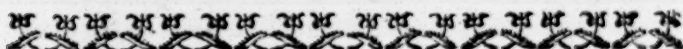
CONUNDRUMS.

- 1 **W**HY is *this* Book of Jestts like my
Lord Mayor?
- 2 Why is a Beggar like a Bishop?
- 3 Why is Marriage like a Curtain?
- 5 Why is a Man with a bad Memory like a
Miser?
- 5 Why is a drawn Tooth like a Thing forgot?
- 6 Why is a Clergyman's Head like a Secret?
- 7 Why is a poor Man like a Sempstrefs?
- 8 Why is an unbound Book like a Lady in
Bed?
- 9 Why is a good Picture like a Bottle of
Wine?
- 10 Why is a Lady on her Wedding-day like
a Man in an Error?
- 11 Why is a rotten Cheese like *Sampson*?
- 12 Why is the *New-Market* like an Admiral
of a Squadron?
- 13 Why is a Publican like a Musician?
- 14 Why is a Man in a Ship like a Kitchen
Dresser?
- 15 Why is a red-hair'd Lady like a Band of
Soldiers?
- 16 Why is a drunken Man like one swim-
ming? I 17 Why

- 17 Why is a neat prim Lady like a Book ?
- 18 Why is a Man that runs in Debt like a Watch ?
- 19 Why is a Hackney Horse like Scarlet ?
- 20 Why is a Gun like a Woman ?
- 21 Why is a Brewer's Horse like a Tapster ?
- 22 Why is a very censorious Lady like a Philosopher ?
- 23 Why is a Fop like a Steeple ?
- 24 Why is a blind Man heavier than one that can see ?
- 25 Why is a big-belly'd Woman like a fine Gentleman ?
- 26 Why is a Weather-cock like the Sea ?
- 27 Who was the first Man that bore Arms ?
- 28 Why is a Horse like a coy Wench ?
- 29 Why are brave Men like Sweetmeats ?
- 30 Why are Widows fit for Beggars ?
- 31 Why is a Whore like a Comet ?
- 32 Why does a Miller wear a white Hat ?
- 33 Why are sleepy Eyes like Amber ?
- 34 Why is the House of C——— like an Account Book ?
- 35 Why is it impossible to ravish some Women ?
- 36 Why is a Tavern like a Table ?
- 37 Why is a Key like an Hospital ?
- 38 Why are forward Girls like a lucky Merchant ?
- 39 Why is a Parish Bell like a good Story ?
- 40 Why is Claret like an Oath ?
- 41 Why is a Cane like *Sunday* ?
- 42 Why are most Ladies Mathematicians ?

- 43 Why is a Looking-glass like a Philosopher ?
- 44 Why is a condemn'd Malefactor like a Cannon ?
- 45 Why is one's Head like a Porter ?
- 46 Why is a Wig like a blind Beggar ?
- 47 Why is a peevish Man like a Watch ?
- 48 Why are Whores like Rogues ?
- 49 Why is *Wales* like a Neck of Mutton ?
- 50 Why is a little Man like a Book ?
- 51 Why was *Cain* like a good Ringer ?
- 52 Why is a Man in a Fever like a burning Candle ?
- 53 Why is a Madman like too Men ?
- 54 Why is a good Man like *Rocheſter's Feſts* ?
- 55 Why is the *Sun-Fire-Office* like an impudent Fellow ?
- 56 When has a Goose most Feathers upon her ?
- 57 Why is an impertinent Fellow like a Waterman ?
- 58 Why is a Man in a Paſſion like a Lady's Smock ?
- 59 Why is Lady C——y's Face like a Mountebank ?
- 60 Why is Miſs P— like a Muffin ?
- 61 Why is a ſilly Fellow like a Feather-bed ?
- 62 Why is a bad Pen like a wicked Man ?
- 63 Why is *Drury-Lane Theatre* like a Ring of Bells ?
- 64 Why is Mr. *Handel* like Admiral *Hawke* ?
- 65 Why is a good Cook like a Woman of Faſhion ?
- 66 Why is thy own Wig, Reader, like a Butcher's Shop ?

- 67 What is a Man like, in the Middle of the *Thames*, who can't swim?
- 68 Why is a Lady in Bed like Five-pence three Farthings?
- 69 Why is a Boy that has been whipped like the *Rainbow* Coffee-house?
- 70 Why is a Man on Horseback like a Fan?
- 71 Why are these *Conundrums* like a Myrtle-Tree?
- 72 Why is Murder like a Candle?
- 73 Why is a Taylor like a Sink?
- 74 Why was the Countess of Y—— like a First Minister of State?



A D I S H of F I S H.

- 1 **W**HAT gives Motion to a Lady?
- 2 What is always heard in a Tavern?
- 3 What is painful to all, and ill Manners to a Lady?
- 4 The Resting-place of a Bird.
- 5 What is wished for at Court?
- 6 The immortal Part of Mankind.
- 7 A merry Fellow.
- 8 The Pigeon's Mate.
- 9 A Turn-coat.
- 10 A serpentine Letter and an upright Judge.



N E W
R E B U S S E S.

1 **T**HE Fourth of a Foot, and more than
a Yard,
Is the Name of a Lads, that I greatly regard.

2 **O**NE of the scstest Things in Nature,
Beareth the Name of my dear Creature.

3 **T**HE Pleasures of the Sportsman's Chase;
The Pledge in matrimonial Case,
With twenty hundred Weight beside,
Names her I wish to make my Bride.

4 **W**HAT a Multitude makes, and Mul-
titudes do,
Is the Name of a Lady, that Multitudes woo.

5 **T**HE Court of Love's assembled here;
'Tis *Venus* Queen of Beauty's Sphere.
In all her Charms she stands confest,
And rules supreme the noblest Breast:

Ye Shepherds, would you learn the Name
Of her who spreads so vast a Flame,
Know that 'tis hid from the Prophane,
And that your strictest Search is *Vane*.

6 **W**HAT aged Men are, and what Game-
sters require,
Is the Name of a Damsel *around our Coal Fire*.

7 **T**HAT of the pretty feather'd Race,
Which most does courtly Tables grace,
And o'er the Mountains bends its Flight,
Or lurks in Fields with Harvest bright,
For whose Destruction Men with Care,
The noblest canine Breed prepare,
Bestows a Name on that fair Maid,
Whose Eyes to Love my Heart betray'd.

8 **W**HAT's done when we buy, and done
when we play,
Is the Name of a Lady that's charming and gay.

9 **W**HAT gives the pleasant Mead its
Grace,
What spreads at Spring Earth's smiling Face,
What jolly Hunters chuse to wear,
Gives Name to her, whose Chains I bear.

10 **T**HE Sea-port for *Dublin*, and the Hero's
Desire,
Is the Name of a Peer, whom all must admire.

11 TWO Gibbets dejected,
The Moon in full View,
A Cheese-toaster erected,
And a Cheese cut in two.

12 WHAT the *Labourer* bears in erecting
high Towers,
What *Carmen* incessantly roar ;
What *hisses* (while reading) in *sweet-scented*
Bowers,
Compose the dear Name I adore.

13 THE Name of a Fish, if backward 'tis
read,
Is the Name of a Lady that's very well bred ;
Her Christian Name, if you'd have me disclose,
'Tis the half of a Shrub, that begins with a
Rose.

14 TO write, when in *Latin*, take the Let-
ters first four,
And Part of a very hot Place ;
'Tis a young Lady's Name, I'm sure you must
know her,
Whose Beauty lies half in her Face.

15 THE Name of a Saint, that the *Romans*
revere,
And an Animal's Name, a sly Creature ;
Is a young Lady's Name I love, I declare,
They sure must be Brutes that can hate her.

WHAT

16 **W**HAT most *Indians* are, though in
 England few such,
What all People wish for, tho' they've ever so
 much,
Is the Name of a Lady, you may guess who
 I mean,
By her beautiful Face, and her delicate Mien.

17 **T**AKE of Letters the first, and of Tem-
 pers the worst,
And what for that Temper is good ;
And a Thing you will name, that the Wit
 thinks a Shame,
But the Dunce would produce if he cou'd.

18 **T**HE Farmer's Delight, and the Lion's
 Retreat,
Is the Name of a Lady, whose Beauty is great.

19 **W**HAT all Tradesmen do, and what
 They'd have other Folk do,
Is the Name of a Lady I've often-times spoke
 to.

20 **T**HE happiest State Mankind enjoys,
 With what begins the Dame,
Adjoin'd, will manifestly show
 My lovely *Flora's* Name.

21 **T**HE Resort of wild Beasts; and the
 Fashion of a Hat,
Is the Name of a Lady——and what of all
 that?

PETER's

22 **P***PETER's* Accuser, and the Effect of
great Fires,
Is the Name of a *Belle*, that the *Beau-Monde*
admires.

23 **W***HAT* all Women love, if they'd speak
what they think,
What Tradesmen must do if they'd thrive,
Is the Name of my *Phill*——she tips me the
Wink——
The comic'st Creature alive !

24 **T***HE* Bleating of Sheep, and what causes
Drinking,
Is the Name of a Girl, that talks without
Thinking.

25 **W***HAT* guards the City from the Foe,
What joins the Fence against the
Beau ;
The massy Pile, the silken Cord,
The fairest Fair-one's Name afford.

26 **W***HAT* *Innocence* is said to wear,
Those *Staves* with Pride which No-
bles bear,
With *that*, on which my Lines are seen,
Name her who of my Heart is Queen.



A
COLLECTION
OF
R I D D L E S.

1 **L**ADIES, my Name I pray explore,
'Tis what, of all Things, you adore :
I'm no Upstart come to Earth,
But with *Adam* took my Birth :
O'er Learning's Seat I do preside,
And only with the Male abide,
To Luxury I'm made a Tool,
My very Name denotes a Fool.

2 **T**HERE's a Being in Nature as light as a
Feather,
As fickle as Fortune, as uncertain as Weather;
Now cruel, then kind ; now sweet, and then
four ;
Never wears the same Humour or Conduct an
Hour.

It's

It's a Lion, a Lamb, an Eagle, a Dove ;
 All Fierceness, all Tameness, all Hate, or all
 Love.

It can swear and protest, tho' its Oaths are so
 frail,
 That he who relies on't, has an Eel by the
 Tail.

3 **I**N Marble Walls, as white as Milk,
 Lin'd with a Skin as soft as Silk,
 Within a Fountain, crystal clear,
 A golden Apple does appear.
 No Doors there are to this strong Hold,
 Yet Thieves break in and steal the Gold.

4 **W**HAT Fortune gives, I wear in State ;
 A *little* Thing does make me *Great* ;
 All admire me, when I wear it ;
 Yet Cares attend all those that bear it.

5 **I** View the World in little Space,
 Am always restless, changing Place :
 No Food I eat, but by my Power
 Procure what Millions do devour.

6 **H**ERE is a Thing that *Nothing* is,
 'Tis foolish, wanton, sober, wise ;
 It hath no Wings, nor Eyes, nor Ears,
 And yet it flies, it sees, it hears :
 It lives by Loss, it feeds in Smart,
 It dwells in Woe, it liveth not ;
 Yet ever more this hungry Elf
 Doth feed on nothing but itself.

WHAT's

7 **W**HAT's that in which good Housewives
take Delight !

Which, tho' it has no Legs, will stand upright !
'Tis often us'd, both Sexes must agree,
Beneath the Navel, yet above the Knee,
At the End it has a Hole ; 'tis stiff and strong,
Thick as a Maiden's Wrist, and pretty long.
To a soft Place 'tis very oft apply'd,
And makes the Thing 'tis us'd to still more
wide.

The Women love to wriggle it to and fro,
That what lies under may the wider grow.
By giddy Sluts sometimes it is abus'd,
But by good Housewives rubb'd before 'tis us'd,
That it may fitter for their Purpose be,
When they to occupy the same are free.
Now tell me, merry Ladies, if you can,
What this must be that is *no Part of Man*.

8 **I** Have not to boast of much Humour or
Wit ;

The Thing that I'm priz'd for, is mostly a *Slit*.
I'm black at the Bottom ; but if you look higher,
I'm as *white* and as *smooth* as a *Man* can desire.
To the Lover's soft Passions I often give Ease,
Who wriggle me up and down just as they
please.

By turns I every *Man's* Humour can suit,
The *King*, *Lords* and *Commons*, and *Bishops* }
to boot,
Who *finger* me stoutly whene'er they come }
to't.

At

At first tho' perhaps for One's Use I was made ;
 Yet if more should try me they'd find me no
 Jade.

I cut a great Figure throughout the whole
 Nation,
 And give all your Hearts in their turns Palpi-
 tation.

9 **S**O capricious am I, that if Monarchs
 should offer

Their Kingdoms, I scarce would accept of their
 Proffer ;

Since no Land in the World I ever could find,
 That suited exactly the Turn of my Mind :
 Yet guiltless I often am plac'd under Ground,
 But from Prison return both healthy and sound.
 At Dinner I'm often receiv'd by the Great,
 When I go on Command, but as quickly retreat ;
 For no Art they can use will oblige me to stay,
 And I always contrive to slip softly away.
 On the Tops of high Trees I sometimes reside,
 Where I tremble, though fear not, and sparkle
 beside.

I'm often in Rivers ; but this I must say,

I seldom adventure to sail on the Sea.

The Stars are my Friends ; but as for the Sun,
 With Precipitation his Ardor I shun.

I'm fear'd by the Antient, but lov'd by the Boy,
 Who rides on my Back, and beholds me with
 Joy.

10 **B**EFORE creating *Nature* will'd
 That Atoms into Form should jar,
 By me the boundless Space was fill'd,
 On me was built the first made Star.
 For me the *Saint* will break his Word;
 By the proud Atheist I'm rever'd;
 At me the *Coward* draws his Sword,
 And by the *Hero* I am fear'd.
 Scorn'd by the meek and humble Mind,
 Yet often by the vain posses't;
 Heard by the *Deaf*, seen by the *Blind*,
 And to the troubl'd *Conscience* rest:
 Than *Wisdom's* sacred Self I'm wiser,
 And yet by ev'ry *Blockhead* known;
 I'm freely given by the *Miser*,
 Kept by the *Prodigal* alone.
 The K—, God blefs him! as 'tis said,
 At me is sometimes in a Passion;
 Yet even *Him* I can persuade
 To act against his Inclination.
 As *Vice* deform'd, as *Virtue* fair,
 The Courtier's Loss, the *Patriot's* Gains,
 The *Poet's* Purse, the *Coxcomb's* Care,
 Read, and you'll have me for your Pains.

11 **I**N shaping me both Sexes join,
 Who must with fit Embraces twine,
 And grow with mutual Motions warm,
 Ere they compleat my mystic Form;
 I please (tho' from the Country sprung)
 The City and the Courtly Throng;
 I oft promote the balmy Kifs,
 And Music heightens much the Bliss.

By

By me engag'd you ne'er can dose,
 Yet I procure the soft Repose,
 And (which increas'es more your Mirth)
 Both Sexes labour at my Birth.

12 **F**ROM the Retirements of the Dead,
 To Regions where no Mortals tread
 I mount: Then borne, I first on high
 Become the Object of the Eye.
 To those, who see me from below,
 I'm habited in fable Show ;
 But when descended from my Height,
 My Robes are of the purest white,
 Whilst I am hastening to my Fate,
 Unfullied yet my Virgin State,
 No Down of Swan was e'er so light,
 So soft, so beautiful, and bright.
 An emblematic Innocence ;
 A cold, but yet a sure, Defence.
 Great Nature's Nurse I mask, and place
 Protection o'er her rev'rend Face :
 But for this tender Action, I
 Unpitied, unregarded die ;
 Trodden and mixt with common Earth ;
 Mean Fate ! for so sublime a Birth.



A
K E Y
T O T H E
C O N U N D R U M S .

- 1 **B**ECAUSE it is always entertaining.
- 2 Because he gives us his Blessing.
- 3 Because it serves for a Blind.
- 4 Because he is for-getting.
- 5 Because he is out of the Head.
- 6 Because it is under the Rose.
- 7 Because he makes Shifts.
- 8 Because it is in Sheets.
- 9 Because it is a good Draught,
- 10 Because she is Miss-taken.
- 11 Because it is *mitey*.
- 12 Because it is in the Fleet.
- 13 Because his Works are in Score;
- 14 Because he is a-board.
- 15 Because she bears Fire-Locks.
- 16 Because he's in Liquor.
- 17 Because she's in print.
- 18 Because he goes a-tic.
- 19 Because it is Hi-red.

20 Because

- 20 Because there's an Apron over the Touch-
hole.
- 21 Because he draws Drink.
- 22 Because she is full of Reflections.
- 23 Because the *Belles* hang on him.
- 24 Because he is not so light.
- 25 Because she shows her Breeding.
- 26 Because it waves.
- 27 *Adam*.
- 28 Because he'll say nothing, but *neigh*.
- 29 Because they can-dy.
- 30 Because they are *Relicts*.
- 31 Because she has a fiery Tail.
- 32 To cover his Head.
- 33 Because they draw Straws.
- 34 Because there are many Cyphers in it.
- 35 Because they are willing.
- 36 Because it has Drawers in it.
- 37 Because it has Wards in it.
- 38 Because their Commodities have a quick
Vent.
- 39 Because it is often *toll'd*.
- 40 Because it binds.
- 41 Because it hangs on our Hand.
- 42 Because they endeavour to find out the
Longitude.
- 43 Because it Reflects.
- 44 Because he's Cast.
- 45 Because generally within *Caul*.
- 46 Because it is Cur led.
- 47 Because he is often *wound up*.
- 48 Because they are both common.
- 49 Because it is craggy.
- 50 Because he is often look'd over.

- 51 Because he master'd *A-bel*.
- 52 Because he is light headed.
- 53 Because he is a Man beside himself.
- 54 Because he is full of merit.
- 55 Because he deals in *Affurance*.
- 56 When the Gander is upon her.
- 57 Because he will often put in his Oar.
- 58 Because he is ruffled.
- 59 Because often in a Mob.
- 60 Because she is often toasted.
- 61 Because he is very soft.
- 62 Because it wants Mending.
- 63 Because it has *Clappers* in it.
- 64 Because he is a Man of Note.
- 65 Because she dresses well.
- 66 Because there's a Calf's Head in it.
- 67 Like to be drowned.
- 68 Because she is under a Tester.
- 69 Because he is full of *Smarts*.
- 70 Because he is mounted.
- 71 Because it is full of sweet-scented Leaves.
- 72 Because it is brought to Light.
- 73 Because he is a Common Sewer.
- 74 Because she acts immediately under his
M——y.



Answer to the DISH of FISH.

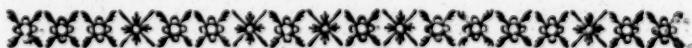
- | | |
|---------------|------------|
| 1 Muscles. | 6 Soal. |
| 2 Bar-bell. | 7 Piper. |
| 3 Thorn-back. | 8 Turtle. |
| 4 Perch. | 9 Lobster. |
| 5 Plaife. | 10 Spratt. |

SOLV-



SOLUTION of the REBUSES.

- | | |
|-----------------------|--------------------|
| 1 MISS F-ell. | 14 Miss Scriven. |
| 2 Miss Cotton. | 15 Miss Mary Fox. |
| 3 Miss Harrington. | 16 Miss Blackmore. |
| 4 Miss Crowd-er. | 17 An Acrostic. |
| 5 Miss Vane. | 18 Miss Plow-den. |
| 6 Miss Baldwin. | 19 Miss Sel-by. |
| 7 Miss Partridge. | 20 Miss Boy-d. |
| 8 Miss Sell-win. | 21 Miss Woodcock. |
| 9 Miss Green. | 22 Miss Cock-burn. |
| 10 Lord Chesterfield. | 23 Miss Man-fell. |
| 11 Miss Lloyd. | 24 Miss Ba-thurst. |
| 12 Miss Hod-ge-s. | 25 Miss Wal-lace. |
| 13 Miss Mary Lee. | 26 Miss White.. |



ANSWERS to the RIDDLES.

- | | |
|--------------------------------|---------------------|
| 1 A Coxcomb. | 7 A Rowling-Pin. |
| 2 A Coquet. | 8 A Pen. |
| 3 An Egg. | 9 Ice. |
| 4 A Crown on a
King's Head. | 10 Nothing. |
| 5 The Sun. | 11 A Country Dance. |
| 6 The Mind. | 12 Snow. |



THE
POETICAL MISCELLANY.

FIRE-BRAND; *or, The TYTHE-PIG.*

A NEW TALE OF A TUB.

A *Parson* late, with good Intent,
For Lodging to the *College* went;
There, Night and Morning, said his Pray'rs,
Sometimes below, sometimes up Stairs:
At length his Congregation grew,
From Number *one* to Number *two*:
For *Kitty*, piously inclin'd,
Whene'er the Spirit mov'd him—join'd.
Nothing more common than to see,
The Nymph and *Parson* Knee to Knee;
'Till, tir'd at last, with simple kneeling,
He preach'd up Doctrine still more feeling:
" That, for the Profit of the Nation,
" He ought t'enlarge his Congregation.

Kitty

Kitty approv'd the pious Lecture,
 Obedient to her grave Director,
 And to the *Parson's little Skill*,
 Resolv'd to yield her *little Will*.

Intent on this, instead of *Wand*,
 He drew his *magic Fire-brand* ;
 Taught her to *add—subtract—divide—*
 And prove 'em by the *Cross* beside ;
 'Then came at last to *multiply*,
 (But more of that Rule by-and-by)
 'Till, rising to the last Degree,
 She practis'd *pat* the *Rule of Three*.
 Soon as she learnt to cut a *Figure*,
 Poor *Kitty* big, soon waxed bigger ;
 'Then slyly beckon'd, to impart
 To *Will*, the Valet, all her Art.

Poor *Will* to *Kitty* quickly run,
 Willing to see, and have some Fun :
 She briefly taught him how to *add*,
 And to *subtract* he would be glad ;
 But e're he could compleat the *Sum*,
 In came the *Priest*, and *Measter Tum* :
 Oh ! oh ! quo' they—'tis vastly pretty !
 Your Servant *Will* !—Your Servant *Kitty* !
 Nay, nay, says *Will*—don't run your Rig,
 Good *Parson* !—'tis your own *Tythe-Pig*.

EPITAPH.

E P I T A P H.

FOR me deceas'd, weep not, my Dear ;
I am not dead, but *sleepeth* here :
Your Time will come, prepare to die ;
Wait but *a while*, you'll *follow* I.

ANSWER, *on the* WIDOWER's *marrying again*
in a Fortnight.

I AM not griev'd, ~~my~~ *my* dearest Life,
Sleep on—I've got another Wife ;
And therefore cannot come to thee,
For I must go to Bed to *she*.

Written on the IVORY LEAVES *of a* LADY's
POCKET-BOOK.

HOW blest'd ! could I in *Chloe's* Heart,
As in this Book inscribe her Name !
But wretched still, if there, as here,
Another Fool might do the same.

The nearer the BONE the sweeter the FLESH.

THE Reason is plain why honest *Ned Hatton*,
Who married five Wives, would ne'er
chuse a *Fat-one*.

VERSES

VERSES by a CHILD Eight Years old, on his
SISTER'S breaking a DRINKING-GLASS.

SEE, Sister, in this shatter'd Glas,
The Fate of many a pretty Lass!
Woman, like Glas, is frail and weak,
As apt to slide, as apt to break.
Guard therefore ev'ry Step with Caution,
For, just as Glas, is Reputation:
Both broke to Pieces with one falling,
For ever Lost, and past recalling.

E P I G R A M.

'TIS said that the Soldiers so lazy are grown
With Luxury, Plenty and Ease,
That they more for their Carriage than Courage
are known,
And scarce know the Use of a Piece.
Let them say what they will, since it nobody
galls,
And exclaim out still louder and louder.
For there ne'er was more Money expended in
Balls,
Or a greater Consumption of Powder.

To a POLITIC CIT.

TO bring thee Custom, Dick, thy Wife is
made
To flaunt it in thy Shop in gay Brocade;
And

And on each heedless Passenger to try
 The *am'rous Efforts* of her ogling Eye:
 By this you'll get no *Custom*, silly Elf;
 But thy dear *Spouse* will get it all *herself*.

THE WISE LAWYER.

OLD Counsellor *Double*, well vers'd in the
Laws,

Can never consent to lose *Client*, or *Cause*;
 Hence oft the wise *Sage* we at *Westminster* see
 On *each Side* retain'd, and on *each Side* take *Fee*.
 Yet say not too *rashly* he forfeits his *Truth*,
 To *neither* he's *false*, when he pleases 'em *both*.
 While *one* he will *charm* by his *strenuous Bawl*,
 He'll gain *t'other's Cause* by not *speaking at all*.

A DIALOGUE at TUNBRIDGE, between ROGER and his Brother DICK.

AH! *Dick*, said *Roger*, I have been,
 Where I a Sight so fine have seen,
 That had'st thou seen the like, my Boy,
 Thou never would'st forget the Joy.
 You never saw a finer Thing
 Than I, said *Dick*, who saw the King.
Roger reply'd, in merry Strain,
 Why, prithee, hast thou crack'd thy Brain?
 I tell thee, *Dick*, I've seen what he
 (God bless him) would be glad to see.
 Nay, nay, quoth *Dick*, if such the Sight,
 Proceed to tell thy Tale outright.

Why

Why so I will, if you will hear,
 And plainly make the Thing appear.
 This Morn I left my Plow and ran—
 With bonny *Susan*, *Kate*, and *Nan*,
 To see an Afs-Race on the Plain.
 We made much Haste, for we were told,
 That Men would ride all lac'd with Gold :
 We wonder'd much, so great their Pride,
 That Lords and Squires would *Affes* ride.
 What Numbers of fine Folks were there !
 Lord ! at the Shew how we did stare ;
 Some rode in Coaches split in twain,
 To view at once the shewy Train ;
 Fine Beaux in Chaises seem'd to fly,
 Flutt'ring like Paper Kites on high ;
 Full in the Midst were *Affes* led,
 With gaudy Trappings all bespread,
 Who, with Deportment grave and wise,
 Seem'd all this fine Shew to despise.
 Fair Nymphs, to see and to be seen,
 And smiling with alluring Mien,
 Stood in the Strand, all in a Row,
 And pleas'd beheld the Crowd below.
 The gazing Crowd so press'd and teaz'd me,
 That underneath the Stand they squeez'd me,
 Where thro' the Crannies I could spy—
 More pleasing Charms, with half an Eye,
 Than those abroad that gaz'd so high.
 White Legs, Thighs taper, and that fame,
 Which, tho' I saw, I dare not name !
 It would have made thy Heart to leap
 To have had one single Peep.

L

Here

Here *Dick* cried out, and laugh'd aloud,
 A mighty Sight to see a Crowd!
 And pray, how common 'tis, dear Brother,
 To see the Asses ride each other!
 The gilded Chariots, Coach and Chaise,
 Are what I'd stare at with Amaze;
 And what you saw beneath the Stand,
 Nothing more *common* in the Land!
 For such a Sight you need not roam—
Susan can shew as good at home.

EPITAPH *on a Country* PARISH-CLERK.

HERE lies entomb'd within this Vault so
 dark,
 A Taylor, Weaver, Soldier, and a Clerk:
 Death snatch'd him hence, and also from him
 took
 His Needle, Thimble, Sword, and Prayer-book:
 He could not work, nor fight, nor read---what
 then?
 But left the World, and faintly cry'd---*Amen.*

On his WIFE.

HERE lies my poor Wife, without Bed or
 Blanket;
 But head as a Door Nail---*God be thanked!*

*In ST. DUNSTAN'S CHURCH, on a PRIZE-
FIGHTER.*

HIS Thrusts like Lightning flew - - - more
 skilful *Death*
Parried 'em all, and beat him out of Breath.

On a BLACKSMITH.

M*Y Sledge and Hammer* lie reclin'd,
 My *Bellows* too have lost their Wind ;
My *Fire's* extinct, my *Forge* decay'd,
And in the Dust my *Vice* is laid ;
My *Coal* is spent, my *Iron's* gone,
My *Nails* are drove, my *Work* is done.

On a LADY.

HERE lies a Lady, who, if not bely'd,
 Took wise *St. Paul's* Advice, and all
 Things try'd :
Nor stop'd she here ; but follow'd thro' the rest,
And always stuck the *longest* to the *best*.

The PENANCE.

WHEN *Phillis* confess'd the Father was rash,
 And so without further Reflection,
Her delicate Skin he condemn'd to the Lash,
 While himself would bestow the Correction :

Her Husband, who heard this, oppos'd it by
urging,

That he, in regard to her Weakness,
And to save her soft Back, would himself bear
the Scourging,

With humble Submission and Meekness.
She piously cry'd, when the Priest gave Accord,
To shew what Devotion was in her,
He's able and lusty, pray cheat not the Lord,
For, alas ! I'm a very great Sinner.

E P I G R A M.

GILES *JOLT* as sleeping in his Cart he lay,
Some pilf'ring Villains stole his Team
away.

Giles wakes and cries---"What's here, a-dikin
"what;

"Why how now, am I *Giles*? or am I not?

"*If he*---I've lost six Geldings to my Smart;

"If not, odds Buddikins, I've found a Cart."

The FORTUNATE SAILOR.

HONEST *Jack* and his Wife once to Sea
took a Trip,

When a sudden cross Wind overset the light
Ship;

Hand in Hand over Deck went this Couple
together,

Susan sunk like a Stone, and *Jack* swam like a
Feather.

Thank

Thank my Stars ! says poor *Jack* (safe escap'd
from the Flood),
'Tis a bad Wind indeed that blows No-Body
Good.

On the Window in a COFFEE-HOUSE.

IF Kisses were the only Joys in Bed,
Then Women would with one another wed.

Written by Dr. SWIFT, on his own DEAFNESS.

DEAF, giddy, helpless, left alone,
To all my Friends a Burthen grown ;
No more I hear my Church's Bell,
Than it rang out for my Knell :

At Thunder now no more I start,
Than at the Rumbling of a Cart ;
Nay, what's incredible, alack !
I hardly hear a Woman's Clack.

*On seeing a PAINTER brush off the NOSE of the
STATUE of KING CHARLES the Second,
in the ROYAL EXCHANGE.*

IN better Time, in Days of Yore,
Tho' *Charly* rang'd from Wh-re to Wh-re,
Yet, current as the Story goes,
The merry Monarch sav'd his Nose :

But now, in these degen'rate Days,
Such Parts are subject to Decays ;
And what a Legion could not crush,
Is broken by a *single Brush*.

The SAILOR.

WHEN on the Gunnel of a Ship,
Poor *Jack* was running with some Flip,
There came a cruel Cannon Ball,
Which shot his Foot off, Leg and all.
Jack saw his Expectation cross,
And, *D—n me* cry'd, *the Flip is lost*.

The MISER and the MOUSE.

TO a *Mouse*, says a *Miser*, my dear Mr.
Mouse,
Pray what would you please for to want in my
House ?
Says the *Mouse*, Mr. *Miser*, pray keep yourself
quiet ;
You are safe in your Person, your Purse, and
your Diet.
A Lodging I want, which ev'n you may afford,
But none would come here to beg, borrow, or
board.

The LONG-NOSED FAIR.

ONCE on a Time, I fair *Derinda* kiss'd,
 Whose Nose was too distinguish'd to be
 miss'd ;

My dear, says I, I fain would kiss you closer,
 But though your Lips say—Aye—your Nose
 says—No, Sir.

The Maid was equally to Fun inclin'd,
 And plac'd her lovely lilly Hand behind :
Here, Swain, she cry'd, may'st thou securely
 kiss,

Where there's *no Nose* to interrupt *thy Bliss*.

The UNLUCKY BLUNDER.

IN *Italy*, as Authors tell us,
 There liv'd a Painter wond'rous jealous ;
 'Twas the chief Business of his Life,
 How to confine that *Eel*, his Wife ;
 Inventive Noddle teems at last,
 With an odd Whim to hold her fast,
 Resolv'd his Pencil Art to show,
 (Whate'er he can't perform below)
 He drew a *Mule*, with dext'rous Skill,
 On the soft Brow of *Venus' Hill*.
 Thus, if she stray'd, he could for certain,
 Know it by drawing up the Curtain.
 But, ah ! how vain our Councils are,
 And all our Plots against the Fair.

Comes

Comes Brother Brush to take a Bout.
 So, *G—d knows how!* they rubb'd it out.
 But, as he was an honest Brother,
 Finding one gone, he drew another;
 Forgetting what the first did lack,
 He clapp'd a *Saddle* on his Back.
Chloe was hugely pleas'd, and smil'd,
 To think how *Seignior* was beguil'd;
 Who reeling home one Evening late,
 With mellow Looks, and jealous Pate,
 Vow'd he'd not take a Wink of Sleep,
 Without one dear departing Peep.
 Can you distrust me, *Chloe* cries,
 Inhuman Man! and wipes her Eyes?
 Put on your Spectacles, and view it;
 The *Mule*, my Dear, is where you drew it.
 The *Mule* I see is safe, my Dear;
 But, *Z—ds*, who put the *Saddle* there?

MARY the COOK, to DICK the FARMER.

An EPISTLE.

RICHARD, of all Mankind the most
 compleat;
 Plump as a Partridge, and as Sugar sweet;
 Thy Breath is fragrant as the new-mown Hay,
 Thy roguish Eyes have stol'n my Heart away;
 Thy Dunghill Mounts of sweet Perfume appear;
 Thy Hogs grunt Music to my love-sick Ear,
 Where'er you tread a fragrant Odour flies,
 Sweet as the Vapours from my sweetest Pies;
 On

On *Sunday* last it was you threw me down,
 My Apron tore, and all bedaub'd my Gown;
 Then would I fain have told you you was rude,
 And slap't your Face—Ah faith I wish I could!
 What could I do! Your Hugging stopt my
 Breath,

Nor could I move, had I been hugg'd to Death;
 Since that dear Time, my Heart has known no
 Rest,

But has been boiling in my flaming Breast;
 Since that sweet Time I neither sleep nor eat,
 I spoil my Puddings, and I burn my Meat;
 What Mischief Love creates in human Hearts,
 My Master swears he cannot touch my Tarts;
 Whate'er I dress since then, I am sure to spoil;
 Nor can I roast, or bake, or stew, or boil:
 By Day, by Night, whate'er I think or do,
 My Thoughts are always gadding after you;

(*Amelia*) and the Gentlefolk above,
 Say they are poss' that *Moll* is deep in Love;
 In vain I vow, protest and swear in vain,
 They see my Vows are much against the Grain;
 Then to my Arms, and to my Wishes fly,
 I'll fill thy Pockets with a *Christmas* Pye;
 Of finest Flour a Pudding I will make,
 Store it with Plumbs, and bake it for thy Sake;
 For oft I've heard——(O bless that charming
 Voice)

A bak'd Plumb-pudding was my *Dicky's* Choice.

Come then; O come, and charm my long-
 ing Eyes;

Come save my Soups, my Puddings, and my
 Pies;

One Smile from you my Senses will restore,
And I shall *cook*, as I have *cook'd* before.

MARY DERRY.

K I S S for K I S S. A TALE.

AS *Colin* faunter'd with his Bride,
A rural 'Squire the Couple spy'd ;
When tripping to 'em, *Col*, says he,
This Beauty thine ? it ne'er can be.
Troth ! but she is, cries Lubber-lout.
Then, quo' his Lordship, turn about,
And let me kiss her Damask Lip :
I must, I will—but just a Sip.
When I am marry'd, here's my Hand,
A Kiss shall be at thy Command.

Nay, an 'tis so, cries honest *Col*,
You're welcome, sure, to buss our *Doll*.

The 'Squire his eager Lips applies :
Quick to her Cheeks the Colour flies :—
“ Thank ye, sweet Sir ; ”—away she hies. }

But now his Worship, Folks declare,
Is married to a beauteous Fair.

Brisk *Colin* hastes ; he seeks the 'Squire ;
The Lady comes ; his Heart's on Fire.
Quoth *Col*, and grins,—good Zir, I wot,
You have not yet your Word forgot.

No, no.—Why then I'll kiss the Dame :
He smuggles 'till she cries—For Shame.
The Clown retires with aukward Bow ;
A worthy Gentleman, I trow :

But

But when our *Dolly's* Lips he press'd,
I wish he'd carry'd on the Jest;
For had they slipt between the Sheets,
O! I had tasted Honey Sweets!

LYARS Compared.

SUCH a *Liar* is *Will*—there's none can *lie*
faster,
Excepting his Maid—and she'll *lie* with her
Master.

On CHLOE.

PRITHEE's not *Chloe's* a comical Case?
She lends out her Tail, and borrows her
Face.

On FAUSTUS and FLORA.

FAUSTUS stabb'd *Flora*; and would you
know why?
He, being a Soldier, she gave him the Lye:
Nay, the desperate Wench still would not re-
frain
To give him the Lye, till he stabb'd her again.

E P I G R A M.

SAYS Sir *John* to my Lady, as together they
 fat,
 My dear, shall we sup first, or do—you know
 what?
 With an innocent Smile, reply'd the good
 Lady;
 Sir *John*, what you please;—*but Supper's not*
ready.

E P I G R A M.

COME, *Meg*, be quick, and make the Bed;
 Now tuck the Feet, now place the Head;
 I'll kiss you, if you don't bestir ye.
 Quoth *Meg*, *I can't abide to hurry.*

W I T *upon* W I N D O W S.

At the White Hart, at Broadway.

W Hœ'er has travel'd Life's dull Round,
 Thro' rough and smooth, thro' thick
 and thin;
 Must own at last he surely found
 The warmest Welcome in an Inn.

To Miss S——.

IN various Passions, for Relief,
Your Fingers you employ;
You put them in your Eyes for Grief,
And in your —— for Joy.

At the White Hart, Chipping-Norton.

CHLOE has a thousand Charms,
'Tis Heav'n to lie within her Arms;
And she's so charitably giv'n,
She wishes all Mankind in Heav'n.

Oxonian Fools, methinks, take wond'rous Pains,
To shew the World they have more Guts than
Brains;
For who but Fools would write their Names on
Glasses,
For the next scribbling Fool to underwrite 'em—
Asses.

Chloe has Charms in ev'ry Place;
Nay! she's all that Woman would be:
She's *Jacob's* Beauty in her Face,
And *Esau's* where it should be.

To V and V,
And L V,
The first of Letters add;
It is a Thing
Will please a King,
And make a young Man mad.

M

Beatus

*Beatus est qui te videt,
Qui te basiat Semi-Deus est
Qui te potitur est Deus.*

At the Red Lion, High-Wickham.

THE Diamond, scribbling Wit's great Aid,
For scribbling Wits was never made :
Each scribbling Wit is sure an Ass,
To shew his Wit upon a Glass.
Lay down the Stone, thou Fool, and see
How nearly it resembles thee :
The Outside bright, the Heart a Stock,
Thy Form divine, thy Head a Block.

A Coxcomb thou, a bawdy Fool,
"Whom Nature meant to shew but Fool;" *Pope.*
Shun hence the Name of bawdy Wit,
And let the Virgin quiet sit.
Wit, in its native Colour drest,
And by judicious Hands exprest,
Can never fail to give Delight,
And pleasing Notions to excite,
But when it's base, without Dispute,
The Wit is Stuff, the Author—*Brute.*

At the George, Whitchurch.

IF a Man dies when Breath from him departs,
Then he must die as often as he f—ts ;
And, if to die be but to lose one's Breath,
Death is a F—t—and so a F—t for Death.

At

At the Black Lion and Swan, Congleton.

SHE, that thinks upon her Honour,
Needs no other Guard upon her ;
She, that has a Man upon her,
Never thinks upon her Honour.

A N O T H E R.

To little Passions Absence gives a Cure,
To great ones adds, and makes 'em to endure :
So Wind puts out the Candle's glimm'ring Light,
But makes the raging Furnace burn more bright.

At the Talbot, Bridgnorth.

WOMEN should their Time divide,
'Twixt Work and Pleasure to grow rich ;
Playing, when they ought to *play*,
Stitching, when they ought to *stitch*.
MEN, *their* Time should likewise share,
'Twixt a Mistress, and a Friend ;
Sparing, when they ought to *spare*,
Spending, when they ought to *spend*.

At the Golden Lion, Liverpoole.

FORTUNE like Glas is to a Tittle,
Like Glas 'tis shining, and like Glas 'tis
brittle.

SEE ev'ry Fool now itches to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing Side.

OF all the Passions sent us from above,
The greatest, noblest, and the best is Love.

WHAT guards the Purity of tender Maids,
At courtly Balls and Midnight Masque-
rades?

'Tis not the Hoop—full oft we've known *it* fail,
'Tho' stiff with Bone, and arm'd with Ribs of
Whale.

At the Stafford-Arms, Wakefield.

WHAT damn'd deceitful Things ye Wo-
men are !

Underneath.

EMPTY Scribler, dull insipid Afs,
Thus to express thy Ign'rance on Glas.

Under that.

THOU worthy Youth, or whatsoe'er thou be!
Thou'rt Woman's Friend, and that's eno'
for me.

SALLY SMITH.

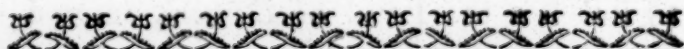
At

At the Red Lion, Warrington.

IN spite of all the amorous Things he said,
I am resolv'd to live, and die a Maid.

INDECENT Words admit of no Pretence,
For Want of Decency, is Want of Sense.

A Diamond, and a Pane of Glafs,
Is Pen and Ink for ev'ry Ass.



E P I T A P H S.

In Wigan Church.

UNDER this Plonk,
Lies *Billy Bonk*.
What young *Billy*?
Fie! Fie! Nay! Nay!
What auld *Billy*?
Yea! Yea! Yea! Yea!

On a GAMESTER, at Brampton-Bryan.

HERE lies the Body of *All Fours*,
Who lost his Money and pawn'd his
Cloaths;
If any one should ask his Name,
'Tis *highest, lowest, Jack, and Game*.

SCOTCH

SCOTCH EPITAPHS.

In Beltenmont Church.

HERE lies interr'd, in this Kirk-yard,
Auld *Beltenmont*, that graceless Laird.
Full fourscore Years it was his Life,
And for ev'ry Score he had a Wife;
And aw that Time he sward and leed.
And bad G—d d—n 'em when he deed.

At Dornock.

HERE lies the Laird of *Dornock*, interr'd
by Side of which;
And he was a great Oppressor of beath pear
and rich:
How he fains, or how she fares,
There's *neabody kens*, and *as few cares*.

At Drisdle.

HERE lies I *Jonny Bell* of *Brockle-brow*,
in oner this Stean,
'There were sev'n o' mine aun Sons that laid it
o' my Weam:
I was ay a Mon o' my Meat, and ay Mister
o' my Wife,
And I liv'd aw my Days but other Stert or Strife.

Now to my eldest Son:

An thou can do better o' thy Time than I ha'
dean o' mine,
E'en take this Stean off o' my Weam, and lay
it on o' thine.

A:

At Greatney.

Near this Place lies *Bessy Anderson*.

THE Place where she does lie,
There's nean alive can tell;
Untill the Day of Judgment,
That *Bessy* rise herself.

The R O S E.

THE Rose's Age is but a Day,
Its Bloom the Pledge of its Decay:
Sweet in Scent, in Colour bright,
It blows at Morn, and fades at Night.

The Disappointed MILK - MAID.

* *In medio tutissimus ibis.*

IT happen'd on a Summer's Day,
A Country Lass, as fresh as *May*,
Deck'd in a wholesome Ruffet Gown,
Was going to next Market Town.
So blith her Looks, so simply clean,
You'd take her for a *May-Day* Queen,
Save, 'stead of Garland (says my Tale)
Her Head bore *Brindy's* loaded Pail.
As on her Way she pass'd along,
She hum'd the Fragments of a Song:
She did not hum for Want of Thought,
Quite pleas'd with what to Sale she brought;
And reckon'd by her own Account,
When all was fold, the whole Amount.

* *Media est via trita apud Anglicanos.*

ROCHESTER.

Thus

Thus she — In Time this little Ware
 May turn to great Account with Care.
 My Milk being sold for—so and so,
 I'll buy some Eggs as Markets go,
 And set them—At the Time I fix
 These Eggs will bring as many Chicks ;
 I'll spare no Pains to feed them well,
 They'll bring vast Profit when they sell :
 With this, I'll buy a little Pig,
 And when 'tis grown up fat and big,
 I'll sell it, whether Boar or Sow,
 And with the Money buy a Cow.
 This Cow will surely have a Calf,
 And there the Profit's half in half ;
 Besides, there's Butter, Milk and Cheese,
 To keep the Market when I please.
 All which I'll sell, and buy a Farm,
 Then shall of Sweethearts have a Swarm ;
 O ! then for Ribbands, Gloves and Rings,
 Ay ! more than twenty pretty things.
 One brings me this, another that,
 And I shall have—the Lord knows what !
 Fir'd with the Thoughts, the frantic Lass,
 Of what was thus to come to pass,
 Her Heart beat strong, she gave a Bound,
 And down came Milk-Pail on the Ground.
 Eggs, Fowls, Pig, Hog, (ah ! well a day !)
 Cow, Calf, and Farm,—all swam away.

NEW and FAVOURITE SONGS, sung by
Miss WRIGHT, Mr. BEARD, Mr. LOWE,
and others.

THROW the WOOD LADDIE.

Sung by Miss WRIGHT, at Vauxhall.

O Sandy, why leav'st thou thy Nelly to mourn?
Thy Presence could ease me,
When neathing can please me;
Now dowie I sigh on the Bank of the Burn,
Or throw the Wood, Laddie, until thou return.

Tho' Woods now are bonny, and Mornings
are clear,
While Lav'rocks are singing,
And Primroses springing,
Yet nane of them pleases mine Eye or mine
Ear,
When throw the Wood, Laddie, ye dinna
appear.

That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell;
I'm fash'd wi' their Scorning,
Baith Ev'ning and Morning,
Their Jeering goes aft to my Heart wi' a Knell,
When throw the Wood, Laddie, I wander my
fell.

Then stay, my dear Sandy, nae longer away,
But quick as an Arrow,
Haste here to thy Marrow,

Wha's

Wha's living in Languor, till that happy Day,
When throw the Wood, Laddie, we'll dance,
sing, and play.

ORIGIN of ENGLISH LIBERTY.

ONCE the Gods of the Greeks, at Ambrosial
Feast,

Large Bowls of rich Nectar were quaffing;
Merry *Momus* among them was fat as a Guest,
(*Homer* says the Celestials lov'd Laughing :)
On each in the Synod the Humourist droll'd,
So none could his Jokes disapprove;
He sung, reparteed, and some smart Stories told,
And at last thus began upon Jove.

"Sire! Atlas, who long has the Universe bore,
"Grows grievously tired of late;
"He says that Mankind are much worse than
"before,

"So he begs to be eas'd of their Weight."
Jove, knowing the Earth on poor Atlas was
hurl'd,

From his Shoulders commanded the Ball,
Gave his Daughter *Attraction* the Charge of the
World,

And she hung it up high in his Hall.

Miss, pleas'd with the Present, review'd the
Globe round,

To see what each Climate was worth;
Like a Di'mond, the whole with an Atmosphere
bound,

And she variously planted the Earth :

With

With Silver, Gold, Jewels, she India endow'd ;
 France and Spain she taught Vineyards to
 rear ;

What suited each Clime on each Clime she
 bestow'd,

And FREEDOM she found flourish'd here.

Four cardinal Virtues she left in this Isle,

As Guardians to cherish the Root ;

The Blossoms of LIBERTY 'gan for to smile,

And *Englishmen* fed on the Fruit :

Thus fed, and thus bred, from a Bounty so rare,

O preserve it as free as 'twas given.

We will while we've Breath ; nay, we'll grasp
 it in Death,

Then return it untainted to Heav'n.

By Mr. LOWE, at Marybone Gardens.

MYSELF between *Venus* and *Bacchus* I'll
 poise,

And 'twixt their two Scales fix my Balance of
 Joys ;

'Tis true, they both have their Charms when
 apart,

But blended, they double the Heat of my Heart.

With rage on his Brow, and Contempt in his
 Eye,

Bacchus throws down his Cluster and gives me
 the Lye ;

No Female, says he, shall partake of my Throne,
 A Rival I hate, and I'll govern alone.

Dear

Dear *Venus* in Turn her Dominion maintains,
Asserts her Controul o'er the Nymphs and the
Swains,

Upbraids me for kneeling at *Bacchus's* Shrine,
And strictly forbids me the Juice of the Vine.

One scolds me because I am fond of the Bowl,
The other, 'cause Woman shares Half of my
Soul :

I boldly declare, for all Projects I've try'd,
No Mortal his Pastime can better divide.

Why then let 'em wrangle, what is it to me ?
I warrant my Conduct shall make 'em agree ;
As one to prefer to the other I'm loth,
I'll love and I'll drink, and be pleasing to both.

LET Ambition fire thy Mind,
Thou wert born o'er Man to reign,
Not to follow Flocks design'd :
Scorn thy Crook and leave the Plain.

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy Feet ;
Thou on Necks of Kings shalt tread ;
Joys incircling Joys shall meet,
Which Way e'er thy Fancy's led.

Let not Toils of Empire fright ;
Toils of Empire Pleasures are :
Thou shalt only know Delight,
All the Joy, but not the Care.

Shepherd,

Shepherd, if thou'lt yield the Prize,
 For the Blessings I bestow,
 Joyful I'll ascend the Skies,
 Happy thou shalt reign below.

RURAL PLEASURE.

EVERY Mortal some favourite Pleasure pur-
 sues,
 Some to *White's* run for Play, some to *Batson's*
 for News;
 To *Shuter's* droll Phiz others thunder Applause,
 And some Triflers delight to hear *Nichols's*
 Noise:
 But such idle Amusements I'll carefully shun,
 And my Pleasures confine to my Dogs and my
 Gun.

Soon as *Phœbus* has finish'd his Summer's Ca-
 reer,
 And his maturing Aid blest the Husbandman's
 Care;
 When *Roger* and *Nell* have enjoy'd Harvest-
 home,
 And their Labour being o'er, are at Leisure
 to roam;
 From the Noise of the Town and its Follies I
 run,
 And I range o'er the Fields with my Dogs and
 my Gun.

N

When

When my Pointers around me all carefully
stand,
And none dares to stir, but the Dog I command;
When the Covey he springs, and I bring down
my Bird,
I've a Pleasure no Pastime beside can afford.
No Pastime nor Pleasure that's under the Sun,
Can be equal to mine with my Dogs and my
Gun.

When the Covey I've thinn'd, to the Woods I
repair,
And I brush thro' the Thickets, devoid of all
Fear;
There I exercise freely my levelling Skill,
And with Pheasants and Woodcocks my Bag
often fill;
For Death (where I find them) they seldom
can shun,
My Dogs are so sure, and so fatal my Gun.

My Spaniel's ne'er babble, they're under com-
mand;
Some range at a Distance, and some hunt at
Hand:
When a Woodcock they flush, or a Pheasant
they spring,
With heart-cheering Notes, how they make
the Woods ring!
Then for Music let Fribbles to *Ranelagh* run,
My Concert's a Chorus of Dogs and a Gun.

When

When at Night we chat over the Sport of the
Day,
And spread o'er the Table my conquer'd Spoils
lay;
Then I think of my Friends, and to each send
a Part,
For my Friends to oblige is the Pride of my
Heart:
Thus the Vices of Town, and its Follies I shun,
And my Pleasures confine to my Dogs and my
Gun.

By Mr. LOWE, at Vauxhall.

RECITATIVE.

HARK the Horn calls———away!
Come the Grave; come the Gay,
'Wake to Music, that wakens the Skies,
Quit the Bondage of Sloth and arise.

SONG.

From the East breaks the Morn,
See the Sun-beams adorn
The wild Heath and the Mountain so high:
Shrilly ope's the staunch Hound;
The Steed neighs to the Sound,
And the Woods and the Vallies reply.

Our Forefathers so good,
Prov'd their Greatness of Blood,

N 2

By

By encount'ring the Pard and the Boar;
Ruddy Health bloom'd the Face,
Age and Youth urg'd the Chace,
And taught Woodlands and Forests to roar.

Hence of noble Descent,
Hills and Dales we frequent,
When the Bosom of Nature's reveal'd;
Tho' in Life's busy Day,
Man of Man makes a Prey,
Still let ours be the Prey of the Field.

By Mr. SQUIBB, in Artaxerxes.

IN Infancy our Hopes and Fears
Were to each other known;
And Friendship, in our riper Years,
Has twin'd our Hearts in one:
O! clear him then from this Offence;
Thy Love, thy Duty, prove;
Restore him with that Innocence
Which first inspir'd my Love.

By Miss BRENT, in Artaxerxes.

IF o'er the cruel Tyrant, Love,
A Conquest I believ'd,
The flatt'ring Error cease to prove,
O! let me be deceiv'd.

Forbear

Forbear to fan the gentle Flame,
Which Love did first create;
What was my Pride is now my Shame,
And must be turn'd to Hate.

Then call not to my wav'ring Mind
The Weakness of my Heart,
Which, ah ! I feel too much inclin'd
To take a Traitor's Part.

By Mr. TENDUCCI, in Artaxerxes.

WATER, parted from the Sea,
May increase the River's Tide,
To the bubbling Fount may flee,
Or through fertile Vallies glide.

Though, in search of lost Repose,
Thro' the Land 'tis free to roam,
Still it murmurs as it flows,
Till it reach its native Home.

By Miss BRENT, in Artaxerxes.

LET not Rage, thy Bosom firing,
Pity's softer Claim remove :
Spare a Heart that's just expiring,
Forc'd by Duty, rack'd by Love.

Each ungentle Thought suspending,
Judge of mine by thy soft Breast;
Nor, with Rancour never ending,
Heap fresh Sorrows on th' Opprest.

Let not Rage, thy Bosom firing,
Pity's softer Claim remove:
Spare a Heart that's just expiring,
Forc'd by Duty, rack'd by Love.

Heav'n, that ev'ry Joy has cross'd,
Ne'er my wretched State can mend;
I, alas! at once have lost
Father, Brother, Lover, Friend!

Let not Rage, thy Bosom firing,
Pity's softer Claim remove:
Spare a Heart that's just expiring,
Forc'd by Duty, rack'd by Love.

A favourite CANTATA. Sung by Miss BRENT.

RECITATIVE.

A Wretch long tortur'd with Disdain,
That ever pin'd, but pin'd in vain,
At length the God of Wine address,
Sure Refuge of a wounded Breast.

AIR.

Vouchsafe, O Pow'r, thy healing Aid,
Teach me to gain the cruel Maid:

Thy

Thy Juices take the Lover's Part,
Flush his wan Looks, and chear his Heart.

RECITATIVE.

To *Bacchus* thus the Lover cry'd,
And thus the jolly God reply'd:

AIR.

Give whining o'er, be brisk and gay,
And quaff his sneaking Form away:
With dauntless Mein approach the Fair;
The Way to conquer is—to dare.

RECITATIVE.

The Swain pursued the God's Advice,
The Nymph was now no longer nice.

AIR.

She smil'd, and spoke the Sex's Mind;
When you grow daring, we grow kind:
Men to themselves are most severe,
And make us Tyrants by their Fear.

SOMETHING NEW.

Sung by Miss DAVIES, at Vauxhall.

IN all Mankind's promiscuous Race,
The Sons of Error urge their Chace,
The wond'rous to pursue;
And, both in Country and in Town,
The curious Courtier, Cit and Clown,
Solicit Something New.

The

The Poets still from Nature take,
 And what is ready made they make;
 Historians must be true:
 How therefore shall we find a Road,
 Thro' Dissertation, Song, or Ode,
 To give you Something New?

They say Virginity is scarce,
 As any Thing in Prose or Verse,
 And so is Honour too:
 The Papers of the Day imply
 No more than that we live and die,
 And pay for Something New.

We see a-like the woeful Dearth
 In Melancholy, or in Mirth;
 What then shall Ladies do?
 Seek Virtue as th' immortal Prize;
 In fine, be honest, and be wise,
 For that is Something New.

SUSANNA.

ASK if yon Damask Rose is sweet
 That scents the ambient Air;
 Then ask each Shepherd that you meet,
 If dear *Susanna's* fair.

Say, will the Vulture quit his Prey,
 And warble thro' the Grove?
 Bid wanton Linnets quit their Spray,
 Then doubt thy Shepherd's Love.

The

The Spoils of War let Heroes share,
Let Pride in Splendor shine;
Ye Bards, unenvied Laurels wear,
Be fair *Susanna* mine.

UNION of LOVE and WINE.

WITH Women and Wine I defy ev'ry
Care,
For Life without these is a Bubble of Air;
For Life without these, &c.

Each helping the other, in Pleasure I roll,
And a new Flow of Spirits enlivens my Soul;
Each helping the other, &c.

Let grave sober Mortals my Maxims condemn,
I never shall alter my Conduct for them;
I care not how much they my Measures decline,
Let 'em have their own Humour, and I will
have mine.

Wine prudently us'd will our Senses improve,
'Tis the Spring-tide of Life, and the Fuel of
Love;
And Venus ne'er look'd with a Smile so divine,
As when Mars bound his Head with a Branch
from the Vine.

Then come, my dear Charmer, thou Nymph
half divine,
First pledge me with Kisses, next pledge me
with Wine;

Then giving and taking, in mutual Return,
The Torch of our Loves shall eternally burn.

But should'st thou my Passion for Wine disap-
prove,
My Bumper I'll quit to be blest with thy Love;
For rather than forfeit the Joys of my Laps,
My Bottle I'll break, and demolish my Glafs.

THE WAY TO KEEP HIM.

YE fair married Dames, who so often de-
plore,
That a Lover once bless'd is a Lover no more;
Attend to my Counsel, nor blush to be taught,
That Prudence must cherish what Beauty has
caught.

The Bloom of your Cheek, and the Glance of
your Eye,
Your Roses and Lilies, may make the Men
sigh:
But Roses and Lilies, and Sighs pass away,
And Passion will die, as your Beauties decay.

Use the Man that you wed like your fav'rite
Guittar;
Tho' Music in both, they are both apt to jar:
How tuneful and soft from a delicate Touch,
Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too
much!

The

The Sparrow and Linnet will feed from your
Hand,
Grow tame by your Kindness, and come at
Command :
Exert with your Husband the same happy Skill;
For Hearts, like your Birds, may be tam'd to
your Will.

Be gay and good-humour'd, complying and
kind;
Turn the chief of your Care from your Face
to your Mind;
'Tis there that a Wife may her Conquests im-
prove,
And *Hymen* shall rivet the Fetters of Love.

NEW SONGS in the SUMMERS TALE,
By Mr. Beard, and Miss Brent.

Mar. TELL me why thus you continue to
woo me,
Why with such obstinate Suit you pur-
sue me :

Bell. Ask not why thus I am fated to woo
thee,
Why with such wearisome Suit I pur-
sue thee.

Mar. Hopeless you ply me,
Still must I fly thee ;
How can I grant, what I've vow'd to
deny thee ?

Bell.

Bell. What tho' you fly me,
Still if I ply thee ;
Pity may grant what your Pride may
deny me.

Mar. Tell me, &c. }
Bell. Ask not, &c. } Duetto.

By Mr. Shuter.

THERE lies your Road—sweet Sir, adieu ;
My Daughter is no Match for you :
She's gone from home ; she's sick she's dead ;
In short, she vows she will not wed
To any Gentleman in Red.

Nay, never frown, and look so bluff,
You're fairly sped ; you've said enough.
The man who lets fly Reynard loose
When once he's caught him in his Noose,
Richly deserves to loose his Goose.

F I N I S.



